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THE EDITOR cannot undertake to return, or to correspond with the writers of, rejected manuscripts.

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LITERATURE.

The Cruise of Her Majesty's Ship "Bacchante," 1879-1882. Compiled from the Private Journals, Letters, and Note-books of Prince Albert Victor and Prince George of Wales, with Additions by John N. Dalton. In 2 vols. (Macmillan.)

How to educate the heir to a throne is a problem which has exercised the minds of eminent philosophers from time immemorial. It cannot be said that George II., Frederick Prince of Wales and his wife, George III. or George IV., were particularly successful in this respect. The Prince of Wales, with singular judgment has struck out a new line by bringing up his eldest son in the navy. He chose that school in which the young prince could mix most freely with boys of his own age with the least danger of falling under the influence of flatterers and time-servers, in which he could be kept under strict discipline, and taught habits of obedience, with little temptation to break loose, and in which he would be constantly increasing his store of knowledge and experience in the pleasantest way.

Five all important years were allotted to this portion of the prince's education from 1877 to 1882—the two first passed on board the *Britannia* at Dartmouth, the three last cruising in the *Bacchante*. Prince Albert Victor was fifteen, and Prince George fourteen, when they first joined the *Bacchante* in August, 1879, with Mr. Dalton, the editor of the present work, and now canon of Windsor, as their governor. He assures us that

"as long as they were on board ship the princes were treated exactly like the other midshipmen, and performed all the duties which usually fall to their lot; they took their turn in all weathers by day or night at watch-keeping and going aloft, at sail drill or boat duty. There was no difference, not even the slightest of any sort or kind, made between them and their gun-room messmates."

Mr. Dalton was acting chaplain on board the *Bacchante*, and superintended the general education of the princes. During the cruise of the *Bacchante* they kept very regular diaries, they wrote home regularly, and they entered in note-books the substance of much which they either read concerning the countries visited or learned in conversation from those with whom they were specially privileged to be brought into contact from time to time. From these sources Mr. Dalton has compiled the two ponderous volumes we are now reviewing. The two princes are made to write together as we and where there is special allusion to one or other of them it is as *Eddy* or *George*. There is no means of knowing how much is contributed by one and how much by the other,

and consequently any difference of intelligence, mental power, or style between them cannot be discovered. Mr. Dalton has supplemented the writings of the princes by copious additions of his own, marked off in square brackets, in further illustration of the countries visited by them. These swell the book. For instance, in the account of South Africa, about 80 pages, and in that of the Fijian group no less than twenty-six are Mr. Dalton's own. But we think we can trace him besides in a good deal attributed to his pupils. Not that we for one moment suggest that all that is attributed to them is not their own; but much that they wrote down has all the appearance of being the result and embodiment of the lessons they had just had from their governor, transferred from him to the note-books. We must confess to preferring the natural and lively allusions to cricket matches, or to their messmates—or the mention of such incidents as that of the hungry dog which ran off with the goose prepared for luncheon, whom the princes chevied and forced to drop his prey, or of the little dance, which was very jolly, as there were not too many people, or of "Old Thomas" passing for sub-lieutenant and getting his first-class in seamanship—to long dissertations on history, antiquities, or systems of government, which it is obvious that boys of sixteen or eighteen could never have worked out for themselves.

The first cruise of the *Bacchante* lasted nine months, and the princes visited Gibraltar, the Balearic Islands, Sicily, Teneriffe, and many of the West Indian Islands—concluding with Bermuda. It is pleasant to read of the patriotic feelings aroused in them when they sailed in those waters in which Rodney defeated the Count de Grasse. At Bermuda the imported sparrow has made itself as objectionable as in other countries.

"The only two native birds still here are the little ground doves (who are being elbowed out by the sparrows that were introduced by a former Governor) and the bright-plumaged 'blue birds,' a sort of great thrush; these also, we were told, will probably in a few years find it difficult to gather food to support themselves against the sparrows."

In September, 1880, the *Bacchante* sailed for her longer and more important voyage. The original plan of this expedition was altered by the Boer war. While at the Falkland Islands orders came to prepare for sea immediately, and to go to the Cape of Good Hope with all dispatch.

"Six hours after the receipt of the telegram, all were on board, steam up, ships under way, and the squadron left Stanley Harbour at 7.30 p.m. The whole of the carefully arranged programme of our cruise has been, in one moment, completely broken up and destroyed; good-bye now to any chance of our passing the Magellan Straits, or of seeing those other parts of South America whose natural and political history has occupied so large a share of our reading during the past twelve months—the Andes, Cuzco, and Titicaca. Gone are all hopes we had of seeing Cotopaxi, and Chimborazo and Quito, and the Galapagos, as well as of all chances of visiting Vancouver's Island and British Columbia in the spring, or the Sandwich Islands or ought else in the Pacific. But doubtless it is all for the best."

In all the 4,000 miles of sea between the

Falklands and the Cape not a single sail was seen. They reached Cape Town just in time to be saddened with the news of the defeat of Majuba Hill.

The princes spent over three months in Australia, and it was while sailing from Melbourne to Sydney that the following entry occurs :

"July 11.—At 4 a.m. the *Flying Dutchman* crossed our bows. A strange red light as of a phantom ship all aglow, in the midst of which light the masts, spars, and sails of a brig 200 yards distant stood out in strong relief as she came up on the port bow. The look-out man on the forecastle reported her close on the port bow, where also the officer of the watch from the bridge clearly saw her, as did also the quarterdeck midshipman, who was sent forward at once to the forecastle; but on arriving there no vestige nor any sign whatever of any material ship was to be seen either near or right away to the horizon, the night being clear and the sea calm. Thirteen persons altogether saw her, but whether it was *Van Dieman* or the *Flying Dutchman* or who else must remain unknown. The *Tourmaline* and *Cleopatra*, who were sailing on our starboard bow, flashed to ask whether we had seen the strange red light. At 10.44 a.m. the ordinary seaman who had this morning reported the *Flying Dutchman* fell from the foretopmast crosstrees on to the topgallant forecastle and was smashed to atoms. At 4.15 p.m. after quarters we hove to with the headyards aback, and he was buried in the sea. He was a smart royal yardman, and one of the most promising young hands in the ship, and every one feels quite sad at his loss."

Mr. Dalton makes no comment on this, and loses the opportunity of writing an essay in square brackets on the phantom ship.

From Australia the *Bacchante* visited the Fiji Islands and Japan, which the princes saw very thoroughly; but it was modern, not old, Japan. Court officials in court dresses made at Poole's; the finest works of art neglected—temples and monasteries allowed to go to decay—and the people no better off. "So," say they, "has gone by the board the last of the mediaeval civilisations that once girdled the world."

China, Singapore, and Ceylon were visited; and the *Bacchante*, passing through the Suez Canal, anchored at Alexandria. There the princes left the ship for a three weeks' tour in Egypt, which occupies a considerable part of the second volume, and which we have read with much interest. They were instructed by Brugsch Bey, and he has since revised this portion of the journal, and we presume has looked at the plans of temples, which seem to us to be particularly well done.

Equally interesting with the Egyptian tour is that in Palestine, all the most memorable places in which were visited by the princes. They had the advantage of the company of Capt. Conder, who was with them at Hebron, and has furnished a useful plan of the mosque, more accurate than any that had been made previously. Of this famous building we have a full and detailed account. The princes did not, however, penetrate to the great cave, because it was found that the only known entrances, three in number, existed in the floor of the church itself, and are never opened. They can only be reached by breaking up the flags of the flooring, a proceeding which would naturally have been regarded as

a desecration of the sanctuary. The furthest points in this tour were Damascus and Baalbek. The reader will be struck with the knowledge of Scripture shown by the princes. After a short stay at Athens, and touching at Suda Bay, Corfu, Palermo, and Cagliari, the *Bacchante* returned by Gibraltar, and was paid off at Portsmouth on August 31, 1882.

Prince Albert Victor has now seen more of the world than any of his ancestors—George III., indeed, never, in the course of his long life, went farther from Windsor Castle than Weymouth; and even if some part of what he has seen and learnt should slip from his memory, the three years spent in the *Bacchante* cannot fail to be of vast service to him in after life.

There is no doubt that these volumes will be widely read; more probably for the sake of the young princes than on account of the information contained in them. But that information must not be despised. The princes had every opportunity of learning from the best sources wherever they went, and carefully entered all they learnt in the notebooks. Though this was some years ago, Mr. Dalton has corrected figures and statistics up to date, and has submitted the proof sheets of those portions of the work which relate to Japan, the Straits Settlements, Egypt, Palestine, Fiji, the Cape, and Australia to the best authorities on those countries. All these gentlemen have made valuable suggestions and additions to the princes' memoranda, so as to make their accounts thoroughly accurate and trustworthy. But how could the editor have allowed such statements as that the Lake of Thun is 280 feet above sea-level, and that witnesses were examined by torture in secular courts in England till quite recently, to remain uncorrected? Mr. Dalton evidently did his part as tutor to the princes exceedingly well, and seems to have directed their reading judiciously. It is to be noted that when they quote from the Bible, which they often do, it is generally from the Vulgate.

A smaller and cheaper edition of this work will in all probability be called for. If the editor can see his way to condensing it into a single volume, not too heavy to hold with comfort, we think we can promise him that it will be most popular.

WILLIAM WICKHAM.

The Theory of the State. By J. K. Bluntschli. Authorised English Translation. (Oxford: Clarendon Press.)

The late Prof. Bluntschli's work on *The State* is by no means satisfactory. Its characteristic does not coincide with its design. Its characteristic is that of a manual, overgrown and discursive certainly, but still a manual. It aims at being much more; in fact, its English editor defines it "as an attempt to do for the modern state what Aristotle did for the old," so that—unless he joins with Prof. Mahaffy in condemning the "Macedonian puppet" as "commonplace"—he clearly ranks it as a work of original research. Yet it is difficult to see on what the Heidelberg professor's reputation rests. His opinions are based upon an equal belief in the law of evolution and the book of Genesis. Argument he avoids. He prefers a method of teaching by authoritative asser-

tion, so that his style closely resembles that of a Red Book of military drill. Take, for example, his view of the origin of man. As to the "mysterious origin of the main races of mankind," which, with scientific accuracy, he classifies into "white, black, yellow, and red," and "whether they be due to one or to several acts of creation," he cannot enlighten us. One thing, however, he lays down as "clear." "Races are due to nature's creative energy"; but "nations are the product of human history." This is so self-evident that no explanation is considered needless. Nor is the curiosity of the less enlightened satisfied by any hint of what has since become of nature. Did this manufacture of human patterns in four distinct colours overtax her "creative energy," and cause her to abdicate in favour of "human history"—a sort of mother of men who has sat incubating ever since, and has hatched out all existing communities? The conception of a Personal Deity creating and guiding the universe is intelligible. The philosophy that refers all change, all development, to the differentiating effect of force acting on matter, rests upon a strong foundation, and is built up with sound logic. But this strange dualism, this assignment of race and nation making to separate first causes is mere babble of ignorance; just as the doctrine which, starting with the principle that the state "is a living and, therefore, organised being," proceeds to assign to it a spirit, a body, a personality, and a sex, is due to a childish love of following up an analogy until accidental and superficial similarities are made to do duty for identical inherent qualities. The artificial analogy between a man and a state was worked out with subtle completeness by Hobbes, and Mr. Spencer has fully established that the same laws regulate the structure and the evolution of societies and of individual organisms. It was reserved for Bluntschli to discover that the state is "masculine," the evidence for this conclusion being the "contrast with the feminine character of the Church," proved by the fact that "she does not consciously rule herself like a man, and act freely in her external life." If incapacity to rule yourself is the distinguishing characteristic of a woman, are we not in these days in danger of losing the sex altogether?

It is, however, unfair to treat the book as a product of our own day, and judge it by the standard of the latest research. The first edition appeared thirty-five years ago, and the exploded views it contains are of yet older date. In fact, its chief interest is psychological. It is a survival. It does not belong either in method or matter to the science of this age. Its author had an essentially pre-Baconian intellect. He is at home in the disputation and aspirations of the schoolmen. It is William of Occam's plea for a "universal empire" uncomfortably reappearing in a flimsy dress of pseudo-Darwinianism. "If mankind is internally one being, in its complete development it must reveal itself as one person. The organisation of humanity is the universal state." The possible "separate acts of creation" are here forgotten. The four colours are to be blended; or, perhaps, nature's too exhausting energy was after all unnecessary. "The Aryan race feels itself

called to manage the world." "The red, the yellow, and the black" were a mistake, and the "high aim on which civilised Europe has already fixed her eye more firmly is delayed" while they are being devoured by the white. Hence, unhappily for ourselves, "it will take many centuries to realise the universal state." Considering that the sum of past ages has proved wholly insufficient to unify that small section of a single race which was the "universe" of Roman and mediaeval times, this sounds like computing that the sun is "many inches" distant from the earth. Had the professor not prided himself upon his psychological attainments, he might have given us a not altogether valueless text book of the practical and ideal statecraft of a section of the human race. His knowledge of the facts of European history and of the schools of political philosophy is considerable. The bibliographical notes are useful, so far as they go. They are, however, very incomplete. Sir Henry Maine rightly finds a place; but why are Walter Bagehot and Mr. Spencer omitted even in the latest edition? It is strange, too, how little the labours of those who are mentioned seem to have been appreciated. Not Waitz or Gneist, but Montesquieu, is quoted as the pre-eminent authority on the origin of Parliaments. We are told to accept his opinion "that the germs of parliamentary constitutions are to be found in the forests of Germany." Would not the plains of Latium, the mountains of Greece, the valleys of Gaul, even the bogs of Ireland, furnish us with cognate examples of assemblies of freemen, beyond which there was nothing parliamentary in the Teutonic tribes? How, under a system of mass meetings, "we clearly recognise the rude beginnings of the free representative government" surely needs explanation. I have been taught to believe that a most marked point in the foemoot organisation was the total absence of the idea of representation. That it was utterly wanting in the Saxon constitution, and did not find its "rude beginnings" in England till the time of Henry II.'s juries, has been ably shown by Bishop Stubbs. Is Bluntschli to send him to the forests of Germany to learn his lesson afresh?

To Bluntschli's conception of what the structure and objects of a state ought to be there is less objection to be taken. It may lack freshness or originality, but it is sound and sensible enough. It is formed on well-established lines. His opinions are the opinions of an average German Conservative of a solid kind. His aim seems to have been to shape the Heidelberg students into loyal supporters of the Bismarckian rule. This surely is legitimate enough. *Laissez faire* he holds in horror. To look upon the state as a policeman put there to keep order, while all development is left to individual energy and enterprise, is the extremest heresy, "since just the most important activity of the statesman—care for the material well-being and the spiritual elevation of the people—is overlooked." The true end of the state is "the development of the national capacities and perfecting of the national life, and finally its completion." To increase the national power, organise its industry, direct its culture, are all "noble objects" for bureaucratic action, although it is admitted that their "excessive promotion"

may be "unhealthy." When we remember that Bluntschli held society to be chaos, and the state alone an organism, we understand why he assigns to the latter so wide a sphere of activity. Democratic as he confesses the age to be in its tendencies, its love of liberty must not override authority. The people, as a mass, cannot be sovereign. "Among a civilised people direct democracy is always a sham." Attempt it in a large and complex community, and

"the freedom which it promises becomes the unjust oppression of all nobler elements, the unconstrained and brutal ambition of the mob. The equality on which it professes to be founded is nothing but a manifest lie and a crying wrong, when once advancing civilisation has brought with it its differences and its contrasts." "Even when Athens was at the zenith of its power and prosperity, its greatness was not due to the rule of the people, but to the practical abandonment of that rule to a single great statesman."

Nor is representative democracy less fatal, if based—as in our day it is based—on "regulating elections simply by the number of electors." "Property, education, occupation and mode of life must also be regarded," in order to "guarantee the election of the best men, and to give due proportion to the intellectual, moral and material elements of the nation." Even thus chastened, democracy is not deemed trustworthy without an additional check.

"The hereditary principle is of great importance in the state. It maintains the connexion between past and future, it secures the permanence, so to say, of the bodily structure of the state, which survives the life of individuals."

The professor, it appears, was prepared to accept democracy, if democracy in its turn will accept a ruling class, capable of doing justice to the "sovereignty of the state," and controlling the energies of the community; but to "subject the rulers as a minority to the majority of subjects is to turn the body politic upside down, and to put the feet in the place of the head." Though the state is to be thus eclectic in its composition, stress is laid upon the necessity of its being national in spirit and aspiration. It is to be the embodiment of the best tendencies of the community secured by the supremacy of its best men. The more it is extensive and complex, the greater need of the dominion of cultured intelligence. Thus will the varied requirements of its different sections and nationalities be best considered. For though it is to the great advantage of the state that it should wield one law throughout its territories, this is not to be done "recklessly." The law should be general and abstract in principle, and open to modification in its administration. A democracy could not have produced the Roman code.

"The English government made one of the most serious mistakes in this direction when, in 1773, it wished to force the forms of English law and judicial procedure in Bengal on the Indians, who were unprepared for it."

Equally mistaken has been England's constant practice of forcing its own free institutions upon peoples who possess neither the instinct of, nor the training for, freedom. It is strange that Ireland's past should not act as a warning in securing India's future.

"Only a people of political capacity can claim to become an independent nation." Those that lack this quality are rightly subjected to those that have it; but the dominant race can only preserve and do justice to its imperial position by leaving authority in the hands of "the first or governing class." The mass of the people, or, "fourth class"

"are strong enough to change a government or to extort a constitution; they can overturn a throne and entrust power to new men and new dynasties; but they have no capacity for government; for them to govern is for the pyramid to stand on its apex."

Political incapacity is likewise attributed to another section of the community, and one which, in England, at any rate, is not prepared to sit quietly under such a verdict. On the women's suffrage question Bluntschli is sadly reactionary. He holds that

"while we may tolerate such exceptions as female succession to the throne, which in favourable circumstances and in a civilised country may do no harm, it would be disastrous to bestow political rights on women generally. . . . Women who have been famous in politics have generally done harm to the state and their friends. Their cleverness and acuteness become dangerous intrigue; and when once the passions of political hatred, revenge, and greed have been kindled in a woman's breast, they spread like wildfire. This is true not only of the mistresses of princes, but of many wives and mothers notorious in history."

Then he returns to his own little discovery of state masculinity, and gives a fatal blow to the pretensions of the sex.

"The state, as the nation, consciously determining and governing itself, cannot afford to weaken its manly character by the admixture of feminine weakness and susceptibility."

Many of these opinions would be well enough were they given as opinions. They would then be open to argument rather than censure. But why are they to be forced upon us as undeniable? It is the authoritative tone of the book which tells most against it. The reader who knows the subject will refuse such dictation, the beginner will believe he is drinking in divine truths, while he is really rooting fallacies in his mind. To the former class the book is valueless, to the latter dangerous. I am surprised, therefore, at the editor justifying its translation on the grounds that it "has recently been made a necessary book" for the Modern History School at Oxford. My judgment may err greatly; but I cannot help thinking that the Board of Studies allowed it to creep into their list by some misunderstanding, and that the first examiners who use it will advise its withdrawal.

H. AVRAY TIPPING.

Signs and Seasons. By John Burroughs. (Edinburgh: David Douglas.)

This collection of magazine articles, happily entitled *Signs and Seasons*, is a good representative volume of the American literary-naturalist's work. Mr. Burroughs is ever alert, he is a pretty accurate observer, and to everything he sees he brings human feeling. This volume shows his wide view and broad sympathies. We have descriptions of farm life and river life, of a sea view and a snow-storm, studies of bird life, bird nests and bird, enemies, chatty essays on the birch and pine

trees. He writes his own feelings into many pages. Sometimes he lectures, quotes from the poets or old journals or an old native; and some of his own writing looks like quotations, so varied are his moods. Sometimes he condescends to give us a gossip. He tells us how great eaters of salt men and beasts are in America, and he utters truisms unconsciously; but he is always instructive and always healthy, and never tiresome. He rambles from his subject a little, as all observers do, but his pen does not ramble. When at his best, as he is at pp. 33-5, his ideas and style and observations are welded into bright, firm, and clear language—the very language of a healthy man. America has greater observers of nature. Mr. Burroughs excels in the crisp literary finish and clean, clear sentences, ringing with axiomatic sounds. Take, for instance, these sentences from his best page:

"The gold of nature does not look like gold at the first glance. It must be smelted and refined in the mind of the observer. . . . It is not so much what we see as what the thing seen suggests. We all see about the same; to one it means much, to another little. A fact that has passed through the mind of man, like lime or iron that has passed through his blood, has some quality or property superadded or brought out that it did not possess before."

And again he finely says:

"Before a fact can become poetry it must pass through the heart or the imagination of the poet; before it can become science it must pass through the understanding of the scientist."

This, no doubt, is a truism; but only a vivid observer could have had the courage to say it when he had at his command compact literary expression. This is the charm of Mr. Burroughs's books, and is especially noticeable in *Signs and Seasons*. To apply his own words to himself, "The writer's style, the quality of mind he brings, is the vase in which his commonplace impressions and incidents are made to appear so beautiful and significant." Trifling incidents are massed, insignificant odds and ends are made significant, threads are woven into form and colour which in less skilful hands would be patchwork. His style is his vase. His observations are pendants.

In "A Sharp Look-out," the first essay in the volume, and probably about the best essay he has yet written, Mr. Burroughs strikes the key-note, and a good one it is, in his declaration that man has one interest in nature, and that is to see himself reflected or interpreted there, and that the poet or philosopher who fails to satisfy in some measure this feeling will be quickly neglected. This pre-eminent interest in nature in its relationship to man is as old as the hills, and is the leading idea in all our classic writers. Yet in the present day we stand greatly in need of it being reiterated again and again. For many writers of nature waste their powers in vain endeavours, by excellent writing and by excellent minute observations, to interest man in subjects possessing no human interest. Mr. Burroughs points out that this domestication of nature is one source of Gilbert White's charm, and (though this may be questioned) one of the charms of Thoreau's *Walden*. Whether it is the influence of his recent

visit to this country, or that a new phase has occurred to him, one cannot but gladly observe that he has turned his eyes to views of farm life about his own home; and we are delighted to find that he feels, as we do, that in spring our interest centres in the farmhouse, and that the domestic feeling is then enhanced. His visit to England is clearly traced in this sentence:

"The wise human eye loves modesty and humility, loves plain, simple structures, loves the unpainted barn that took no thought of itself, or the dwelling that looks inward and not outward; is offended when the farm-buildings get above their business, and aspire to be something on their own account, suggesting not cattle and crops and plain living, but the vanities of the town and the pride of dress and equipage."

Can it be that the American farmers are beginning not to love humility, that they and their farmsteads are taking thoughts of themselves, aping a life above their business, and striving after vanity and vexation of spirit? He humorously laments that humble old farmhouses are discarded, and smart structures rear their heads in the pursuit of happiness; and, preacher-like, blames the modern farmer for not keeping his pride and vanity in abeyance. But I do not sympathise with him in his long-drawn sigh for the picturesque features of farm life which machinery has taken away. Machinery has given us more picturesque features than those it has supplanted. To take but one instance, and it is one adduced by Mr. Burroughs, threshing by the flail is not nearly so picturesque as the present process of threshing, whether it be by a travelling threshing machine near a stack-yard, with all the various bending workers in different attitudes of different processes, with the machine smoke and noise in sympathy with the active dusty scene, or in the threshing barn lit up in a dull winter day by a guarded lamp, with the hind standing on the cartload of sheaves of grain, forking them into the barn window, tossed in turn by a dark object of a man or woman to one with a masked face at the threshing machine, who literally feeds the roaring machine's mouth with spreading sheaves. It is a great scene, crammed full of pictures—a scene appropriate to large and modern farmyards, where flying flails would be out of place and truly un-picturesque. It is a scene with more action, with more active figures in labouring attitudes, more varied and picturesque, while there is superadded the din and dust of the machinery that keeps all in rotation of motion as regularly as the flail kept the worker up to the mark to escape its blows or the blows of other's flails. Farm labourers have not that kindly interest in flails which Mr. Burroughs has; and probably the flails, if he used them, would soon alter his opinion. Mr. Jefferies has well shown us how picturesque a steam plough is in action. Apart from this, the article is a timely plea for farm life in America.

"Bird Enemies" and "Tragedies of the Nests" are worthy of note.

JAS. PURVES.

Bibliographia Liturgica: Catalogus Missalium Ritus Latini ab anno M.CCCC.LXXV. impressorum. Collegit W. H. Iacobus Weale. (Londini: apud B. Quaritch.)

MR. WEALE tells us that nearly the whole of his leisure hours for the last ten years he has spent upon liturgical studies; and, in pursuing this line of enquiry, it was constantly pressed upon him that there was urgent need of a good liturgical bibliography. The work before us is Mr. Weale's first contribution towards the supply of this want. This catalogue of missals of the Western rite is soon (*infra spatum anni*) to be followed by a catalogue of breviaries in one volume; while two other volumes, for which much material has been already collected, will contain a catalogue of other offices, rituals, and ceremonials, &c. Urgent need, indeed, is there for such a work as this. When one turns to the *Handlist of Bibliographies in the Reading Room of the British Museum*, and finds—beside Mr. F. H. Dickinson's *List* (1850) and M. Frère's (1867), both confined to Anglican service-books—only Zaccaria and Alès, and last, but certainly not least useful, the booksellers' catalogue of Mr. J. C. Stewart, late of Great King Street, it is plain that the student who takes to liturgical bibliography has promise of an exhilarating pursuit in hunting-grounds where game is still plentiful.

We believe there are dullards in the world whose imagination is so contracted as to be unable to conceive the delights of constructing a catalogue. But the pleasures of this most entertaining pastime are quite comparable with the high joys of the "collector," while they are more easily freed from certain selfish elements, brought into play in the latter case by the eagerness for exclusive ownership. The man who "collects," whether it be postage-stamps or Caxtons, must possess; and it is pain and grief to him when he learns that another copy of his treasured unique impression exists, and, alas, has perhaps passed into the market and been sold. But, for the purposes of the bibliographer, to know that another possesses a much sought for volume may serve as well as if the book had a place upon his own shelves. Let who will question it, cataloguing has its high delights. There are, first, the subtle conjectures as to the existence of an unrecorded issue, then the faint scintillations of hope, the sagacity, the joyful patience that follows the obscure trail, the ardours, the raptures, of the chase. Mr. Weale has surely to be congratulated on all the pleasure he must have enjoyed over the work before us.

Mr. Weale neglects to state in his preface that his list does not contain any notices of the various missals that have been printed for the purposes of antiquarian or liturgical study. Thus one looks in vain for any notice of Alexander Lesley's valuable edition of the Mozarabic Missal, and for such books as the Missal of Arbuthnot, the Leofric Missal, the Drummond Missal, the Corpus Missal, the recent reprints of the Sarum, York, and Hereford Missals, and other such. These do not come within Mr. Weale's scope; his object being, it would seem, to record only such missals as have been printed for devotional purposes. This is to be regretted, as it is certain that the book will be often in the

hands of liturgiologists as well of librarians or of mere book-hunters.

Mr. Weale's aim is to record the title, form (folio, quarto, &c.), number of leaves, of columns in the page and of lines in the column, name of the printer, place, and year, of every printed missal (with the reservation made above) from 1475 (in which year the first missal—one of the Ambrosian rite—appeared in print at Milan) down to our own day. The design is certainly a bold one; and, taking into account the extent and magnitude of the task, Mr. Weale may be commended for the considerable measure of success that has so far attended his labours.

The great majority of the entries are founded on the personal inspection of the compiler himself. It was, of course, impossible that every edition could come under the eye of any one person. Accordingly, Mr. Weale, in many instances (some 500 in number), contents himself with a description supplied to him, or with merely a record of title and year, or of title, year, and place. The later form of the Roman Missal (*Urbani VIII. auctoritate recognitum*) has been so frequently reprinted, that even the courage and perseverance of Mr. Weale has quailed. After the issue of 1634 he notes that this recension has been very frequently reprinted, and that he has himself inspected some 160 editions of it. Even of the earlier recensions (of which those of 1570 and 1604 are types) only specimens are indicated.

Mr. Weale divides his volume into two main sections—*Missalia Ecclesiarum*, arranged alphabetically from Aboa (Åbo, in Finland) to Zagrabia (Agram, in Croatia); and *Missalia Ordinum*, giving the monastic uses. Nothing of the kind, so far as I am aware, has ever before been attempted; and though there are, as must needs be in a first attempt at a work of this kind, many deficiencies and sundry errors, someone must make a beginning. Mr. Weale's catalogue will form a very helpful, indeed indispensable, aid to bibliographers and liturgical students not only in this country, but throughout Christendom. It is also certain that without any great difficulty, when it is once in the hands of the public, it can be much improved. Corrections and additions are sure to come in from all sides in considerable number.

On receiving this volume I turned to compare Mr. Weale's bibliography of the Sarum Missal with that which will be found in the Appendices to F. H. Dickinson's Preface to the Pitsligo Press edition (1883). It is plain there are many deficiencies and inaccuracies in Mr. Dickinson's work, as the writer frankly acknowledges; but one would really like to know whether Mr. Weale has, under the heading "Sarisburia" (so certain to attract the notice of English liturgical students), omitted, through oversight, or as identifying them with editions actually noted, or rejected as incorrectly entered, the editions registered by Mr. Dickinson as those of (1) Sept. 4, 1501, folio; (2) Non. April. 1503, octavo, Paris: Kerver; (3) ix. Kal. Jan., 1504, folio, Paris: Jean du Pre; (4) April 27, 1508, folio, Verard: imp. Huvyn et Bernard; (5) Sept. 27, 1508, quarto, Rothomag. Loys: imp. Huvyn; (6) Sept. 5, 1521, quarto, Rothomag.: Olivier. I have no

means readily accessible for answering my own query; but Gough's collection in the Bodleian ought to solve most of the points.

Again, is not the edit. 1500 30 Sept. as given by Mr. Weale really the same book as 1502 1 Oct.? The collation would lead one to suspect it. The *cccccc. ij. Kal. Oct.* may be read either way, the letters *ij.* being by some connected with the preceding group of numerals and referred to the year, and by others with the succeeding *Kal.*

It would have been helpful to inquirers if, in every case where the compiler registers an early missal which he has not himself inspected, he had stated the authority upon which he relies, and the places, or some of them, where the book may be seen.

One could wish that the titles were given more fully. To do this would, no doubt, have increased the size of the catalogue; but the want of the full title is sometimes misleading. For example, the collation is given of the volume registered by Mr. Weale as *Missale parvum pro sacerdotibus in Anglia, Scotia, et Ibernia itinerantibus, 1626*; but there is no hint that the volume contains much more than a missal—viz., the Order of Baptism and of other sacraments, &c.—as the full title would have at once made plain. By the way, I observe that while Mr. Weale gives the title of the edition 1623 as “*pro sacerdotibus in Anglia itinerantibus*,” and that of 1626 as “*pro sacerdotibus in Anglia, Scotia, et Ibernia itinerantibus*” (a difference that might give rise to some historical speculation), the Bodleian Catalogue gives the reference to the three countries in the earlier as well as the later edition. In other cases the full title brings out some point of interest, e.g., the words *optimis formulis, ut res ipsa indicat* in the title of the Sarum Missal of August 22, 1516.

Again, in the case of early dated missals, it would have been much more satisfactory to have had in all cases the date given as printed in the exemplar, leaving it to the student to consider whether the commencement of the year on different days in different countries affected the actual date of issue in any particular instance.

Of foreign missals of the Western rite I am too ignorant to be able to estimate the character of Mr. Weale's extensive labours. One thing I can venture to say—that till this catalogue has been examined few could conceive the vast variety of diocesan and other “uses” that once existed abroad, and, in many instances, held their ground till recent years.

It is hard that to do such valuable pioneer's work as this of Mr. Weale will put it in the power of men with not a fiftieth part of his diligence to vastly improve his book. But it must be said that a revised and improved edition of the book ought to appear before long. It should be added that Mr. Weale gives a very useful *index fontium* and, at the end, copious indices of printers and places.

JOHN DOWDEN.

Horacio en España. Por D. M. Menéndez y Pelayo. 2 tomos. (Madrid.)

THESE volumes will be welcome to all lovers of Horace, the most modern in sentiment of the Latin poets. As our author remarks

(vol. ii., p. 8), it was not until after the Renaissance, and the beginning of modern Europe, that Horace became popular, even among the learned. Throughout the Middle Ages the works of Virgil, Lucan, and Seneca (to these might perhaps be added Dan Ovid for more northern Europe) were known in Spain. MSS. of their works are to be met with in almost every considerable library of the period; but those of Horace are far more rare. But subsequently to the Renaissance, and especially during the last century, Horace had his revenge, and became established as the favourite author of all scholars who were at the same time gentlemen and men of the world. There is thus an additional interest now attaching to his works. We cannot begin to translate an ode of Horace into any modern language without recalling some of the many scholars and dilettanti to whom the same task has been one of keenest relish; and, when finished, how pleasant is it to turn to the renderings of others and compare our attempts with theirs. To all who have taste and leisure for such enjoyment these volumes will be a delight. In them our author does more than he promises in the title. He traces out every translation, commentary, edition, or imitation, even of single odes, of his favourite author, not only in Spain, or in Spanish, strictly speaking. He gives us notices and specimens of Portuguese versions and commentaries; and not this merely, but of those in nearly all the dialects spoken in the Peninsula. Catalan, Gallegan, the Asturian Babel, are all well represented here. Nay, he goes further still afield; and many a reader will be surprised to find that some of the most successful poetical translations come from Spanish scholars of the New World, from Mexico, Venezuela, and the other states and republics of Spanish America. Basque alone is absent; but there is a Basque rendering of Fray Luis de Leon's imitation of the “*Beatus ille*” in tomo iii., p. 329, of the *Cancionero Vasco*; and if our memory does not play us false we have somewhere seen two other of the shorter odes in Basque.

These volumes will not afford any great aid to the technical scholar. Not one of the standard editions and commentaries of Horace has come from Spain. Here and there he will remark a *curiosa felicitas* most happily rendered. Both form and spirit of our poet have passed into some of his Spanish imitators. Several of the metres of Horace have become thoroughly naturalised in Spanish verse. In England we have only Jeremy Taylor, and perhaps Milton, whose thoughts have become so interpenetrated with classical learning that they cannot free themselves from it even while dealing seriously with the most sacred themes of Christianity. But in Spain this goes deeper; the very form and rhythm of the most mystic and ecstatic odes of Fray Luis de Leon and others often recall the measures of Horace. We find the strangest mingling of the imagery of the Song of Songs and of the highest mysteries of Christianity with the forms and sentiment of classic Latin verse; and yet so thorough is the interpenetration that we feel no shock of incongruity, but rather an addition to our pleasure. For the Spanish mystic seldom, if ever, errs like Jeremy Taylor, who too often startles us with allusions to the obscenities as

well as to the beauties of classical lore. The Spanish muse, if classic still, is chaste and pure while dealing with celestial themes.

But I have wandered from my province. Like the rest of our author's works, this is distinguished by most careful bibliographical references, and will probably continue the standard work on that portion of Spanish literature with which it deals. Only, as always, we look in vain for an index. If any lover of Horace should be learning Spanish he may lighten most agreeably the work of grammar and of dictionary by running his eye through these pages. So close are many of the versions that the Latin will serve as a sufficient guide to the Spanish, while the author's text will supply severer practice.

WENTWORTH WEBSTER.

NEW NOVELS.

The Crack of Doom. By William Minto. In 3 vols. (Blackwood.)

Like Lucifer. By Denzil Vane. In 3 vols. (Hurst & Blackett.)

The Castle of Coëtquen. Translated from the French of Raoul de Navery. By A. W. Chetwode. (Dublin: Gill.)

Atla. A Story of the Lost Island. By Mrs. J. Gregory Smith. (Ward & Downey.)

The Shrine of Death, and other Stories. By Lady Dilke. (Routledge.)

John Bodewin's Testimony. By Mary Hallock Foote. (Warne.)

A Stern Chase. By Mrs. Cashel Hoey. In 3 vols. (Sampson Low.)

The Crack of Doom is sparkling and clever episodically, but lacks strength as a whole, and the leading idea—the generation of panic because of the possible collision of a comet with the earth—does not supply canvas enough for the figures. Two characters—Mrs. Brockley, an excitable, flighty woman, voluble and inconsequent, and Fanny Douglas, a manly artist, with a shrewd head and a bitter tongue—are both well conceived and carried out; but several other types offered are less successful, and fall short of the idea which the author intended to express. This holds true of even the principal male character, though much pains have been taken with him; and the embryo novelist, the two men of science, and the scamp, are more or less shadowy and impersonal. But there is some very good dialogue early in the story, and the accounts of a street riot and of a Salvation Army meeting are graphic and faithful.

Like Lucifer is a story in Miss Braddon's later manner, and a fair example of her school, though not so skilfully wrought as she would have done with the like materials. It is divided into two main portions—a poem, forming a complete story in itself, and occupying less than half the first volume, and the sequel, beginning several years after the close of the introductory part. The plot of the poem is that a very wealthy man, at once weak and obstinate, whose only daughter is his heiress, adopts also the son of his half-sister, a keen-witted, selfish, and covetous young man, who falls in love with his cousin and with the estates, and determines to have both if possible, and if not, then the estates at

any rate. Through the empire he obtains over his uncle he achieves the latter object, though failing in the former; and the disinherited daughter dies in poverty, leaving a daughter in her turn, with whose fortunes the rest of the book is occupied. There is some pleasant writing in it; at least one character, that of Lady Villebois, a clever old lady who has been the belle of society in youth, and is still a wit and leader in old age, being well imagined and worked out, and the plot is workmanlike. At the same time, the proem is much the better written part of the story, altogether stronger, more vivid, and moving along more steadily than the main narrative, which drags a little here and there; so that if the present book may be taken as a fair sample of the author's powers, short telling stories would seem her vocation rather than the regulation three-volume novel.

The Castle of Coëtquen is a romance of the era immediately preceding the French Revolution, and is Breton not merely in name and scenery, but in the Catholic, Legitimist, and Conservative sentiments of the writer. It is a wholesome little story enough, with an unimpeachable moral, and with less gush than might be looked for under the conditions. It is left unaccountably incomplete; it does not appear why. There may perhaps be a sequel published or meditated, but one chapter more would suffice to gather up the loose ends and knot them together, yet it is not forthcoming, nor promised. A word of commendation is due to the translation, which is much smoother and more idiomatic than the ordinary run of versions from French originals.

Atla is a very astonishing work indeed. The "Lost Island" of the title-page is no other than Atlantis itself, and its wonders are set before the reader with an erudition which recalls Ouida, and with a critical faculty which is like to that of Mr. A. P. Sinnett, whose patent medicine of Esoteric Buddhism is recognised in the work as a great factor in the universe, and plays an important part in the story. We cannot doubt the natural riches of Atlantis when we learn from the introductory chapter that there alone "orichalemum" (*sic*) and "nephrite" (*sic*) were to be found—a statement we accept unhesitatingly. There are two heroines: an Atlantean princess by birth, and another, Atla herself, a princess by adoption, being a waif, born of a shipwrecked mother, who dies in giving her birth on the shore of Atlantis, with no survivor of the crew left to tell her name or country. The hero is Herekla, a Phoenician prince, heir to Kirgath-Melek (*sic*), King of Cacara, a prehistoric Sidon or Tyre, flourishing long before the Jewish conquest of Palestine. He has two tutors, one of whom is an Esoteric Buddhist and "Arhat," whose docile "chela" he is—a fact interesting as showing that Buddhism is a good thousand or fifteen hundred years older than has hitherto been supposed; and the other is a Persian Magus. But the two sages quite understand each other, and get on well together. Herekla is an inventor and discoverer; and, ascertaining that the ships of Tsin or China outsail the Phoenician vessels by means of the mariner's compass (supposed to be an enchantment),

finds a loadstone on a mountain, and invents a much better compass than the original pattern. He sails to Atlantis, and his adventures there with Atla make up the bulk of the story; though Astera, heiress to the crown, and her cousin Zemar, nephew of King Kron, and son of the villain of the tale, Thalok, high priest, and subsequently regicide and usurper, play the second lady and gentleman of the piece. There seems one trifling error in the recondite lore of the work, in that—presumably through some incorrect list—one Medoc is named as Grand Chamberlain at the court of Atlan, capital of Atlantis. But Medoc is surely *trop petit compagnon* for such a dignity, and Margaux, or at the least Pichon Longueville, must be the personage intended. Atlantis is overwhelmed by a cataclysm, sinks in ocean—the particular spot is considerably indicated as that now covered by the Sargasso Sea—and the survivors migrate to New Atlantis, seemingly Peru and Mexico, and there found the cities and civilisation which have so perplexed modern inquirers. Seriously, there is some inventive faculty exhibited in the narrative; but, apart from the childish credulity of the writer, there is none of the power of making an ideal past live or seem probable, such as marks Whyte Melville's *Sarchedon*—a model of such literary *tours de force*—in so high a degree.

Lady Dilke's volume of stories is in keeping throughout with its sombre title, and is even clothed in external trappings of woe. Each tale has more or less flavour of the charnel-house, recalling some of Hawthorne's darker moods. But they display inventiveness and imagination, and have for the most part the quality of style; though the solecism "different to" does spoil one page. The most successful of the tales, we think, are that which gives the book its name, and the "Crimson Scarf," which appears to have been suggested more or less remotely by the old Spanish ballad "Con su riqueza y tesoro," which Lockhart has made the basis of his "Juliana" in the *Ancient Spanish Ballads* (for the two are not alike enough to earn the name of version for the English poem); but the tragic ending is Lady Dilke's addition, less happy in art than a prose paraphrase of the ballad would have been. With all the unquestionable literary faculty shown by the book, it is doubtfully pleasant, and certainly not healthy, reading.

John Bodewin's Testimony well sustains the reputation already won by the author. The story is one of a Western mining district in the United States, where the right of ownership in a lucrative mine is in litigation, and John Bodewin is the witness on whose evidence the issue of the suit virtually turns. He has strong reasons for unwillingness to testify; and the merit of the story consists in the play of motives which sway him in contrary directions, and in the skilful adaptation of the incidents of the tale to exhibit their working, as also the results which follow upon his final decision. There is less of directly local colouring and dialect than is usual in American stories dealing with the classes here represented; and the reader is accordingly not to look for the kind of handling which Mr. Bret Harte or Mr. Frank Stockton would severally employ in a similar

case, but to expect his satisfaction to arise from carefully drawn types of character, and dramatic fitness of details—in which event he will not be disappointed.

Mrs. Cashel Hoey's new novel, though with clever episodes in it, and with skilful working up of suitable material (acknowledged in her preface) for the Cuban scenes in the earlier and better part of the narrative, is scarcely up to some of her previous performance. There are too many chronological breaks in the thread of the story, and portions which need bringing more into relief are left obscure, involving distasteful effort on the part of a reader who desires to know all about what he is perusing, or else his missing the author's intended points, if he be not specially on the alert. And a book whose primary object is to be amusing ought not to put such difficulties in the way. The central motive of the plot is the pursuit of a large fortune by an unscrupulous man who has no just title to it, and the persistence with which he keeps this aim in view for many years, employing both craft and force to attain it, with what ultimate success is not disclosed till the end. There is also what appears to us unnecessary prodigality of slaughter, as quite as good a story, and a more probable one, could be made from the same materials with omission of at least two deaths, though the second is the best thing to be done with the victim, after a marriage which must have ended disastrously, but which had not lost its charm when death came. And in respect of the characters, only one is worked out thoroughly, and he is the chief villain—there are two—of the story. Mrs. Cashel Hoey can draw character, and several of the sketches here want only a little filling in to become vivid; but they remain mere outlines, just distinct enough to show what she could have made of them had she been so inclined. She has done better before, and we doubt not will do better again; but a *succès d'estime* is the most that can be augured for *A Stern Chase*.

RICHARD F. LITTLEDALE.

RECENT VERSE.

Helena in Troas. By John Todhunter. (Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.) This poem, which has had, we understand, a remarkable success on the stage, is certainly fitted to give pleasure, if not equal pleasure, to the solitary reader. It can scarcely be called a drama complete in itself, but rather a set of dramatic scenes. Compared to a play like "Erechtheus," it holds the same position as Mr. Browning's "In a Balcony" compared to his "Luria." If we speak first of its defects, it is not from any idea that they outweigh its merits, but because in our view they are curable defects. In the first place, the blank verse is monotonous, though never prosy. Even when the syllabic form of the verse is varied the cadence remains one and the same. This is a defect very incident to those who are adjusting English verse to the form of a Greek play. The variation in cadence of the Greek tragic *senarii* is very apt to escape even a careful reader. Secondly, the language too often verges towards the extravagant. Nothing is more admirable in the Greek tragedians than their power of combining the pathetic, or the passionate, with self-restraint of style. But Mr. Todhunter cannot reproduce this quality. Here, e.g., (p. 12) is Hecuba's

lament for the loss of so many sons, for Paris and Helen's crime.

"Arraign the pard
That hears with yearning dugs her cubs, far off,
Cry in the hunter's gripe—the restless pard,
Gaunt with fierce hunger of lorn motherhood,
Lashing her tail and roaring—for her moan;
Not me for my wild words. I have no words;
My words are wingless woes, that should fly up
Shrill-tongued and shrieking, and like ominous
birds

Appal the ear and pale the cheek of Zeus.

This is not in the Greek manner—it rather suggests the strained rant of Hamlet's "First Player." On the other hand, the quality—vigor—here shown in excess, is present everywhere in *Helena in Troas*. There is not a dull page—hardly a dull line—in its eighty pages. And, behind the vigor, there is imagination, shown more, we think, in the choruses than in the characters; yet Paris, with princely valour roused, all too late, in his bosom by his country's despair, and his passion to be worthy of his fair mischief Helen, and Oenone, stern yet half relenting at the last, are real persons, worthy to tread the stage. It is a fiercer—it cannot be a sadder—Oenone than Mr. Calderon's canvas has so exquisitely shown us of late. But, on the whole, we prefer the choruses, and especially that beginning "O thou divine one" (pp. 39-41). The first strophe, describing Leto's refuge on Delos, is fine in a more tranquil way than is usual with Mr. Todhunter. The distich on p. 4, however—

"In the cheek-chilled brine of our tears,
Scenting the curdled blood of biers."

is a flaw in a fine passage, and suggests irresistibly Mr. Dobson's

"Fine funereal air of biers."

Here and there, too, there is a touch—probably unconscious—of parody from Mr. Swinburne, e.g., in "Atalanta" we have—

"Alth. Good news and brief, but by whose happier hand?"

"Her. A maiden's and a prophet's and thy son's."

In *Helena*—

"Hel. What fire or whence? Kindled of men or gods?"

"Par. A dead man, and a live man, and the gods."

And the same origin, we think, could be found for (p. 5)—

"With ruin's share driven red o'er homes of men."

But Mr. Todhunter has his own beauties—e.g., on p. 46 it is the true voice of Helen, half spirit, half human, that cries—

"Would to the gods thy lips could kiss me dead,
For I am homesick for some world unknown!"

And Paris's appeal to Oenone (p. 67), "Oenone, we were young," is of touching beauty. What authority, we wonder, has Mr. Todhunter for using "haggard" = "to make pale" (p. 74), and, in the same distich, "iterance" = iteration? If we mistake not, the word has been discarded from "Othello" (act v., sc. 2).

Egeus, and other Poems. By R. H. Sandys. (Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.) This is a volume of curiously mixed contents. The long original poem—a fine and forcible piece of verse, somewhat too modern, in its style, for its subject—which gives its name to the volume, is succeeded by scraps of translation, some from Greek, some from, and some into, Latin—one or two from the Italian—an original poem in blank verse, on a street scene, which suddenly breaks into, and concludes in, Latin hendecasyllables. Three or four rather striking poems in the middle of the book are signed by another hand, which, however, is not mentioned on the title-page. Is this a *nom de guerre*, or really work of another writer? Thus the book is rich in surprises and puzzles. It is, perhaps, per-

missible to praise a charade, which, after due consideration, we were unable to solve till the poet helped us, on p. 92, to laugh at his ingenuity on pp. 89-91. Of the serious poems we much prefer "A Morning Walk," which, diffuse as it is, contains some passages of remarkable beauty, somewhat in Mr. Austin's style in his "Defence of English Spring."

"Sweet nature gently round us draws
A golden chain, unseen by man,
Unbroken since the world began;
And the great names of early days
Are household words with us; their praise
Fires yet and kindles in our eyes
And lifts us with them to the skies.
And I have gentler thoughts this hour,
The bitter day, my night, is o'er.
They sleep that once were mine, and I
Wander alone in phantasy,
That use now makes my life: my chain
Is off, I am a child again."

All this poem is well worth reading. May we call Mr. Sandy's attention to an irritating error, of pen or press, on p. 50, l. 159? and, on p. 30, to the octosyllabic verse (l. 17) which has crept among his spirited heroics? The note on Egeus, l. 434 (p. 21) would certainly mislead the unwary reader to suppose that *Διδωτης* meant father *Dis*. Something also has gone wrong with l. 252, which is not, we think, grammatical as it stands. The adaptation of "The Sicilian Gossip" (p. 108), and the Greek elegiac translation at the end, are very amusing: the fourth line suffers grievously from a stray "i" subscript, which makes something worse than confusion of its close.

Lyrics, and other Poems. By Richard Watson Gilder. (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; London: William Hutt.) This is an exquisitely dainty little volume, charmingly enriched with head-pieces and tail-pieces of holly, roses, and peacock-feathers, which are choice examples of the recent development of American wood-engraving. It is unfortunate, however, that when one turns the pages of the book his eye is constantly inclined to wander from the poems themselves to their artistic adornments, for, indeed, the literary contents of the volume by no means possess an enthralling interest. The various pieces are correct in form, frequently musical, written with care and with some facility; but they seldom rise above a rather tame level of mediocrity. Their composition has, doubtless, afforded the author many hours of pleasant and blameless labour. They inform us that he is fond of Essipoff's playing and Modjeska's acting, that he approves of Emerson's verses and admires Browning's *Jocoseria*; but they possess little that is striking or original, nothing that is unforgettable, none of the strangeness, the vividness—in short, the magic, of poetry that is destined to live. There is considerable vigor in "The Ballad of the Chimney" and in the weird tale of "John Carman"; and the "Christmas Hyman" and the "Hymn sung at the Presentation of the Obelisk to the City of New York," with which the volume opens, are favourable specimens of its contents. Perhaps, however, the most successful pieces in the book are its sonnets, and of these the following is a good example:

"THE CELESTIAL PASSION."
"O white and midnight sky, O starry bath,
Wash me in thy pure, heavenly, crystal flood:
Cleanse me, ye stars, from earthly soil and
scath—
Let not one taint remain in spirit or blood!
Receive my soul, ye burning, awful deeps,
Touch and baptise me with the mighty power
That in ye thrills, while the dark planet sleeps;
Make me all thine for one blest, secret hour!
O glittering host, O high angelic choir,
Silence each tone that with thy music jars;
Fill me even as an urn with thy white fire
Till all I am is kindred to the stars!
Make me thy child, thou infinite, holy night,—
So shall my days be full of heavenly light!"

A Time and Times, Ballads and Lyrics of East and West. By A. Werner. (Fisher Unwin.) This curiously named book, though written by a lady, breathes a somewhat martial spirit, and is full of aspirations after that supreme liberty which poets are in the habit of invoking, without themselves quite knowing what it is they want or mean. The key-note is struck on the first page:

"It comes—it looms up in the darkness—
Something—I hardly know
Of a word or a name to name it—
But I feel it must be so;
That a time of choice is coming
For weal or for woe.

"In the stillness of my life,
I hear the tramp afar
Of the armies marching,
Under the morning star,
To the Armageddon battle,
Where the eagles are."

Happily we do not hear again of the battle of Armageddon, and the appeals in behalf of humanity which occur in some of the other poems are such as will find an echo in the hearts of those who read them. Most readers, however, will discover more charm in such a little ballad as the following than in verses of more pretentious aim:

MURIEL.

"'Twas in the July morning,
When I had crossed the stile,
I met her coming down the path
And singing all the while.

"She had been seeking early,
In the golden fields at morn,
The fairest of the poppies,
And the ripest of the corn.

"There was light in the dewy grass,
There was light in the sunbeam's birth—
But into her face was gathered
The light of heaven and earth.

"And on she passed through the meadows,
With step so light and fleet,
With the dark, dark curls about her brow,
And the dew about her feet.

"So we passed each other that morning,
And nothing did we say—
But a sunbeam fell upon my heart,
And lay there all the day."

Songs of Sleepy Hollow, and other Poems. By Stephen Henry Thayer. (Putnam's Sons.) The pieces which compose this neat little volume are of widely different degrees of merit. If poets published only their really good work their volumes would be very thin. There are few books of miscellaneous verse that would not be the better for a little weeding. If this be true of the productions of Tennyson and Swinburne, Mr. Thayer need not despair if it is shown to be true of his book also. In a modest introductory note he says he thought it "only fitting, at the solicitation of numerous friends, to gather his poems"—most of which had been printed before—"within the bounds of two covers, that they may be preserved for whatever they are worth." There is enough of graceful verse within the bounds of the two covers to justify this course. The distinguishing quality of most of the pieces is sweetness rather than strength. They are almost wholly poems of the introspective kind. The author gives account of his own feelings and thoughts, and puts himself in others' places that he may give account of their feelings and thoughts also. For the most part he depicts the milder emotions—not intense passion of any sort—and he is wanting in dramatic power. The least satisfactory parts of the work are the memorial verses on Longfellow, Grant, Garfield,

and others. Here is the first of five verses inspired by the death of Longfellow:

" His day is spent and he is dead;
The Nestor-poet's silvered head
Is lying low, as sad and slow
They bear him to his hollow bed."

Clearly Mr. Thayer has not the happy faculty of his countryman Dr. Holmes for spinning off verses at discretion. The best piece in the book is entitled "Abide with me," and it is very fine. Many other excellent pieces are there also. The lines we have quoted above are in no sense representative. Here are two verses entitled "Night Watches," which exhibit more truly the character of Mr. Thayer's work, though they, too, are below rather than above his average. We choose them because their brevity suits our space:

" Only the shrouding gloom can unfold
The skyey chart with its worlds of gold;
Only the darkness can make the night
A fathomless miracle of light!
" Only the shadow of night in the heart
Reveals to the soul the heavenly chart;
Only the darkness that falls at our feet
Can make the meaning of God complete."

Mr. Thayer has attempted a few sonnets, but lyrical poems are certainly his forte.

The Romance of Dennell. By John Rickards Mozley. (Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.) The rough and perilous course of true love is the old, yet ever new, theme of this long narrative poem in blank verse. Buffeted by the waves of disaster, vexed by all the malice of fortune, separated by the wide Atlantic, Mr. Mozley's hero and heroine remain faithful to the end, though Dennell, as becomes his inconstant sex, is much less heroic in fidelity than his beloved Helen. The story, so far as its plot goes, is of the simplest order, and, it must be confessed, is beaten out a little thin for lack of incident. Its happy *dénouement* is clearly apprehended by the experienced reader, who can never be greatly excited by the woes of these lovers or the bitter consequences that threaten them by reason of an ancient feud between Dennell's father and Helen's. And here we touch the chief defect of the poem—its failure to sustain any deep and enduring interest in its progress. Mr. Mozley handles the verse with considerable deftness. It is truly plastic in his hands, and flows without meeting any serious obstacles in diction to mar its smooth advance to the haven of a happy rest. If anything may be urged against its metrical quality, it is rather too evenly modulated, and shows a facility that is likely enough to pall on the susceptible ear. The story, in fact, is neither strong enough nor sufficiently potent in dramatic interest to prevent the reader being cloyed by the mannered artificiality of the medium of narration. One passage will suffice to show how nature is stifled and propriety of expression fettered by the author's choice of blank verse. Dennell has been grievously injured in a South American mine, of which he was superintendent. When convalescent he asks Conway, a merchant, the cause of the catastrophe, and is told how certain miners and slaves had plotted a rising:

"There are those who strive
To free the slave and build the edifice
Of equal right, on ruins of the state.
Such men have plotted in one night to raise
An army of the Afric blood, conjoined
With neediest men of Europe's progeny.
In divers parts the keen assault was planned;
In chief against your mine."

It need scarcely be pointed out that the commercial mind would, in no circumstances, relieve itself in this stilted fashion. All the characters of the poem talk what is commonly considered poetry, even when nature and the occasion demand straightforward English prose. Mr. Mozley never forgets he is writing a poem;

and certainly fails to remember that what is appropriate and really poetic in the language of the lovers, is strangely inartistic in the intercourse of plain matter-of-fact folk. Strict observation of the law of discourse goes a long way towards the attainment of dramatic accent and veracity.

Memories and Thoughts. By the Countess of Cork. (Bell.) Not even a dedication to Mr. Gladstone can raise this book above the level of ordinary "occasional" verse. Its chief interest lies in a poem at the end—never hitherto published—by Canning. The poem was written to Miss Scott before their marriage, and contains one finely sonorous verse:

" So to proud heights should fav'ring Fortune lead,
Or drest in frowns her fleeting gifts recall,
Firm in thy faith the dang'rous path I tread,
Or sheltered in thy arms forget my fall;"

and much elevated, though not, perhaps, very poetical, as opposed to rhetorical, diction. In the other poems, which are largely "characters" or "memories," there is a lack of humour, from which the drop into bathos is easy. Of George Eliot, e.g., it is written (p. 18)—

" How didst thou sink to depths indeed,
By losing faith's small mustard-seed!"

It is difficult to avoid a smile at the patronising, yet absurd, tone. So, of Sir A. Cockburn (p. 20)—

" How charming a companion, how rare a friend
was lost,
When Cockburn turned him to the wall and
yielded up the ghost!"

the sigh actually forces a smile. Some of the translations run prettily; but the grand want of the whole book is self-criticism—the recognition that a thought worth thinking is not necessarily worth verifying, nor, if versified, worth publishing. The little poem from Goethe (p. 79) is neat and pretty.

NOTES AND NEWS.

THE Duke of Devonshire has lent his unique copy of *The Taming of a Shrew* to Dr. Furnivall for his series of "Shakspeare Quarto Facsimiles," of which the two parts of *The Whole Contention*, Quarto 3, 1619 (for 2 and 3 Henry VI.), edited by Dr. Furnivall, are the latest issues. Twenty-five of these facsimiles are now out; the text of two more, the first and second quartos of *Pericles*, are printed, and the Forewords to the first quarto passed for press by Mr. P. Z. Round, who edits them. Four quartos of *Richard II.* are in the hands of their editor, the Rev. W. A. Harrison, of the New Shakspeare Society, and will be printed by four different lithographers, so as to secure their speedy issue. The undated quarto of *Romeo and Juliet* is in Mr. Herbert A. Evans's hands, for marking; Mr. Griggs's negatives of *Much Ado* and the *Merchant of Venice* are completing by Mr. Praetorius; and, as soon as they are done, he will go to Cambridge to photograph the unique *Trinity Troublesome Reign*, of 1561, and to Oxford to take the unique Bodleian *Contention*, 1594, *True Tragedy*, 1595, and *Famous Victories*, 1598, so that the whole series of forty quartos may be completed some time this side of Christmas. The first facsimile, *Hamlet* 2, was issued in March, 1879; but the series was stopped for two years by the fire which destroyed the whole of Mr. Griggs's negatives and stock.

MISS EVANGELINE F. SMITH, who published about three years ago a novel in three volumes called *In a Vain Shadow*, which attracted a good deal of attention as a first essay in fiction, has now completed another novel, which will be issued some time next month in a single

volume by Messrs. Spottiswoode, Jones, & Bennett, of Fleet Street. It will be entitled *A Cruel Necessity*.

A METRICAL English volume of Fouqué's *Undine* is announced by Mr. Elliot Stock as nearly ready for publication.

THE authorised English translation of the first volume of Karl Marx's *Das Kapital* will be published early in the autumn by Messrs. Swan Sonnenschein & Co. It will be edited by Dr. Frederick Engels, one of Marx's literary executors and his life-long friend and coadjutor.

MR. JOHN D. ROSS has been engaged for some years on a work which is now in the press, entitled *Celebrated Songs of Scotland*. It will contain seven hundred of the most popular songs from King James V. to Henry Scott Riddell, with memoirs of the writers, notes, glossary, and an index.

THE first part of the *Brighton College Register* is now at press, containing the names of the first thousand boys who entered the school between 1847 and 1863, with a brief account of their subsequent career, so far as accessible. It has been edited by Mr. H. J. Mathews.

THE New Shakspeare Society will print Sir Edward Sullivan's paper on Hamlet's age, in which he argues that Shakspeare, in his second cast of the play, the second Quarto, deliberately altered Hamlet's age to thirty from the nineteen of Quarto 1. Sir Edward holds that Laertes's speech to Ophelia about the "youth of primy nature," "nature cressant," and all other allusions, are consistent with this view. "Young Hamlet," he says, is a mere name to distinguish him from his father, like "young Fortinbras." Horatio, who, on the day young Hamlet was born, saw his father combat the ambitious Norway, must have been fifty, or near it; Guildenstern and Rosencrantz, though in "consonancie of our youth," must have been full-grown men. The whole play is on this point harmonious, and not—according to the prevalent view—revised in its first part on the nineteen-age of Quarto 1, but altered in its last part to the thirty of Quarto 2. As to the "schoole in Wittenberg," does not Nash note how late the Danes sent their children to school, "so that you shall see a great boy with a beard learme his A, B, C, and sit weeping vnder the rod when he is thirty yeeres olde?"

A MEMBER of the Library Association having offered a prize of three guineas annually for three years for an essay on some subject in librarianship or bibliography, the Council propose as the subject of this year's competition, "The Extension of the Free Libraries Acts to Small Places." Essays should be sent in not later than August 20 to E. C. Thomas, Esq., hon. sec., 2, South Square, Gray's Inn.

ACCORDING to the report of the Astor Library, at New York, the number of readers during 1885 was 72,584, being a large increase on the previous year. The number of volumes added, not including pamphlets, was 6,852, bringing the total number up to about 221,000. The sum spent on books and binding was 24,376 dollars (£4,875.) The invested fund of the library, entirely the gift of the Astor family, now amounts to 1,412,374 dollars (£282,475.) In addition to an annual volume of accessions, Mr. J. J. Astor has had a new catalogue of the whole compiled by Mr. C. A. Nelson, of which the first volume has just been published.

THE FORTHCOMING MAGAZINES.

PREF. CHARLES ELIOT NORTON, of Harvard, will publish his "Personal Reminiscences of Thomas Carlyle" in the July number of the *New Princeton Review*, the English edition of

which Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton will issue early next month. Prof. Norton was on most intimate terms with Carlyle, and was in the habit of making notes of their conversations at the time. He has been assisted in his paper by a mass of correspondence placed in his hands by the niece of Carlyle. The paper pourtrays a more loveable aspect of his character than is generally apparent in Mr. Froude's *Memoirs*.

The Expositor for July, commencing a new volume, will contain an etched portrait of the Bishop of Durham, with a biographical sketch by Dr. Sanday. The other contributors will include the Bishop of Derry, Canon Kirkpatrick, and Prof. Cheyne.

BEFORE his death Mr. Jewitt had corrected his last article on "Quaint Conceits in Pottery," which will appear in the July number of *The Antiquary*. Mr. T. Fairman Ordish will resume his papers on "London Theatres"; and there will be papers on "Visitors to Bath during the Reign of James I.," "Old Fulham and Putney Bridge," and "Folklore of a North Lincolnshire Village."

MR. HENRY FRITH will contribute to the new volume of *Little Folks* magazine, commencing with the July number, a series of papers called "How, When, and Where," picturing the funny side of the old nursery rhymes with which all children are familiar, and showing "how, when, and where" certain events happened to our nursery heroes and heroines.

AMONG the contents of *The Scottish Church* for July will be "Ashore in Norway," by Mr. Logie Robertson; an article on Sarawak; "The Russells of Yarrow"; and "The Free Kirk Claim of Rights."

UNIVERSITY JOTTINGS.

THE following is the speech delivered by the Public Orator (Dr. J. E. Sandys) in presenting Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes for the honorary degree of Doctor of Letters at Cambridge on June 17:

"Trans aquor Atlanticum, ex Academia nobiscum nomine non uno consociata, nuper ad nos feliciter advectus est vir non scientiarum tantum amore sed litterarum quoque laude insignis, qui 'Phoebo ante alios dilectus' donum Apollinis non unum accepit, sed medendi artem cum eloquendi peritis et carmina pangendi facultate coniunxit. Iuvat nuper audivisse eum cuius carmen prope primum 'folium ultimum' nominatum est, folia adhuc plura e scriulis suis esse prolaturam. Novimus quanto lepore descripscerit colloquia illa ante-meridiana, symposia illa sobria et severa sed eadem festiva et faceta, in quibus totiens mutata persona, modo poeta, modo professor, modo princeps et arbiter loquendi, inter convivas suos regnat. Talibus libellis comitati, etiam Scandinaviae solitudines tolerare possemus; talibus libellis edocti, vitae humanae societatem melius diligere discimus. Societas vinculo artissimo cum huiuscemodius popularibus coniuncti, vix recordari volumnus, hoc ipso die fere centum abhinc annos proelium illud inter colonos nostros et nosmotos esse commisimus, cuius monumentum, fortium virorum in honorem conditum, Cantabrigiae Transatlanticae viciniam prospicit. Iuvat potius meminisse diem eundem cum scriptoris egregii, Addisonii nostri, memoria consociatum esse. Iuvat verba in illius laudem olim scripta mutuari, dum gratias hodie agimus 'haut ignobili poetae, in oratione soluta contexenda summo artifici, censori morum gravi sane sed et pericundo, levioribus in argumentis subridenti suaviter, res etiam serias lepore quodam suo contingenti.' Ille vero ne quinquagesimum quidem vitae annum vidit; hic autem fere eodem aetatis tempore nova fama efflorauit,—velut olim ubi in ipso auctumno novus refulget aetatis splendor. Videor mihi vatem quandam canentem audivisse, illum cuius in corde aeterna floraret, non vocandum esse senem. Evidem inventum perpetuae fontem illum quem trans aquor Atlanticum Hispanorum nautae frustra quaerebant, nautam

hunc feliciorem, non fabulosas inter insulas sed Academicae inventutis in amore perpetuo, in amore mutuo, invenisse crediderim. Trans occidentis amplum illum sinum, levi phaselo vectus, diu naviget: nautili illius ritu, quem versibus tam pulchri descripsit, indies 'per ampliora ad altiora' tendat. Suam Academiam, per tot saecula feliciter conservatam, intra paucos menses carmine saeculari iterum celebret, diuque superstes ipse exornet: nostrae denique Academiae honoris causa adscriptus, diu et nostrum et totius litterarum reipublicae ad fructum floreat, vigeat, valeat, litterarum doctor, OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES."

THE name of Mr. John Bright has been added to those upon whom a honorary degree is to be given at the forthcoming commemoration at Oxford on June 30. It is also proposed to confer the honorary degree of M.A. on Dr. Reinhold Rost, librarian at the India Office.

ON the occasion of the visit of representatives of the Colonies and India to Cambridge sometime in the month of July, it is proposed to confer honorary degrees on some of the distinguished visitors, and also to invite them to an official reception, on behalf of the university, in the Fitzwilliam Museum.

THE provost and fellows of Trinity College, Dublin, have passed a grace to confer the honorary degree of LLD. upon Professor Jowett, Professor Kennedy, and Professor Tynall, at the summer commencement on July 1.

IT is proposed to confer the honorary degree of M.A. at Cambridge upon Dr. Karl Breul, university lecturer in German, and also upon Dr. Eugen Braunholtz, university lecturer in French.

THE library syndicate at Cambridge has agreed to purchase, from the executors of the late Mr. Henry Bradshaw, the Madden collection of ballads and songs, for the sum of £500.

SCOTCH JOTTINGS.

ONE of the most interesting features of the Edinburgh International Exhibition is the "Old Edinburgh Street," in which Mr. Sydney Mitchell has combined, with good taste and accurate knowledge, reproductions of the more picturesque and historical buildings of the ancient city. A pleasantly written little handbook to this section of the exhibition has been compiled by Messrs. J. C. and A. H. Dunlop, and illustrated with a profusion of rough, but vigorous and frequently humorous, sketches by Mr. W. B. Hole.

IN one of the "booths" in this street the Messrs. Ballantyne, Hanson & Co. exhibit an interesting gathering of old examples of typography, and various antique appliances of the printers' craft. They also show a curious portrait of Sir Walter Scott—a copy by William Maris of the well-known bust by Raeburn, in which the "square touch" and emphasised carnations of the Scottish portraitist are oddly translated by the softened outlines and the wan silver tone of the modern Dutch school. Here, too, they exhibit Sir Walter's desk and chair; and an old wooden hand-press, similar to that upon which the Messrs. Ballantynes printed the original editions of the "Waverleys," is at work in the booth, issuing a dainty little sketch of the life of Sir Walter. This, from the pen of the Rev. James Wood, is written with verve and precision, and gives in brief compass such significant facts regarding the ancestry, training, and career of the Wizard of the North, and the character and influence of his works, as may be fittingly remembered by the visitor to the city of his birth. We believe that the book has been honoured by the approbation of Mr. Ruskin, that most vivacious and most fastidious of the biographers of Scott.

MESSRS. ANNAN & SWAN, of Glasgow, adopting a process which—if we may judge from

results—closely resembles that of Messrs. Goupil, have recently executed some excellent reproductions of paintings, including a series of works by members of the Glasgow Art Club, which compares favourably with the lithographs which four years ago formed the first publication of that body. They have also reproduced, as a commission from the Queen, a pair of subjects of favourite dogs, after Mr. Gourlay Steell, Her Majesty's Animal Painter for Scotland, which successfully catch the characteristics of that artist. Their most important publication, however, is a portrait of the late Principal Tulloch, from a painting by Mr. George Reid. Only a few days after the death of the Principal, who was one of the Queen's chaplains and her greatly honoured personal friend, Her Majesty spontaneously intimated to the artist that, if a transcript of his portrait in the Royal Collection at Windsor should be desired by the public, every facility would be given for its reproduction. The work was accordingly placed in the hands of Messrs. Annan & Swan, who have now published it in a successful photo-engraving. The painting was executed in 1878, when Tulloch held the post of Moderator of the Church of Scotland; and he is represented in his robes of office. The strong, noble, bearded face shows just a touch of weariness and suffering, the result of frequently recurring ill-health and the strain of an ever-busied life. The clear definition and precision of Mr. Reid's method of portraiture lends itself well to the mode of reproduction chosen, and the transcript does satisfactory justice to the original. It is full of richness, force, and delicacy; and, printed in ink of a mellow brown colour, it is pleasantly suggestive of an old mezzotint print. The portrait will certainly hold an honoured place in many a Scottish manse, where the name of this learned, genial, and eloquent Scottish Broad-Churchman will long be a household word.

ORIGINAL VERSE.

THE QUEEN'S ACCESSION.

To-day o'er what far seas, from what far lands,
Come sounds of greeting to our British shore.
How many glad bells ring, what cannons roar,
What nations lift congratulating hands
To Heaven and thank the Giver, for she stands

The truest Queen that ever empire wore;
Lady of all our patriot hearts before
Our willing ears have heard her just commands.
She stands upon the stairway of the years.
And sorrow, too, has clomb her royal height;
Bereft of children, consortless, alone,
Her empire is unbounded, for the right
She rules by is the sovereign right of tears,
Love is her sceptre, sympathy her throne.

H. D. RAWNSLEY.

A VISION.

I DREAMED a dream. After long hours of pain
And parting I had died, and lived again;
And, floating, somewhere far beyond the skies,
Had found the guarded gates of Paradise,
Where, to the Angel of the flaming sword,
I showed my pass signed "Servant of the Lord."
"Enter!" the Angel cried, "and have no fear,
Friends of your friend are always welcome here."
I bowed; the doors flew wide; I heard the singing,
And saw the blest through golden ether winging
As thick as, when an earthly sunbeam floats
Across a room, within it dance the motes.

There was the Bunker who, from fraud-got store,
Had left a deadock to endow the poor;
The grim Inquisitor whose pious zeal
Showed heretics the flames he'd have them feel;
The gallows-housed Felon's scarce-won wraith
—For what are Hope and Charity to Faith?—
Yet, of all those who taught mankind to rise
Above this sordid world of woes and lies,
Of those by whom Man's progress was begun
In Love and Wisdom, I beheld—not one.

My spirit sank. "Ah, sir!" in grief I cried,
"Have you no souls of nobler sort inside?
I dare not seek to live with such as these:
Where are Aurelius, Zeno, Socrates?
Spinoza, Galileo, Darwin, where?"
The Angel answered, pointing downward,
"There!"

I turned, and fluttered that way in affright,
And reached, at length, a scene of softer light,
Where those I sought—and more—with sober
mien,
Were gathered talking, active but serene.
Voltaire advanced; and, pointing to the door,
Said, "Welcome, friend, to Sheol—Hell no more—
These souls you see, the friends of all their kind,
To make the worst of evil had no mind;
And—truth to tell—had doubted from the first
If there could be a region so accursed;
Yet finding that, in fact, some things went ill,
Put forth their practised energy and skill;
Improved the climate, drained the Lake of fire,
Talked to the fallen angels, trained the choir,
Put down bad language, stopped theology,
And made the agreeable Limbo that you see."

[*Caetera desunt.*].

MAGAZINES AND REVIEWS.

In the current number of *Brain* (Macmillan) Dr. J. Hughlings-Jackson has a suggestive article on the comparative study of convulsions. The writer is one of the few who bring to the discussion of pathological and medical questions a largeness of view gained by philosophic reflection. In the present article, working on his well-known basis of a scale of nervous arrangements representing different stages of evolution, Dr. Hughlings-Jackson assigns a place to children's convulsions in a corresponding scale of nervous discharges, by regarding them as involving discharges of those lowest organic centres (centres of respiration, &c.) which are the most developed in the young child. The essayist has some luminous remarks on the general nature of convulsions. As he reminds us, all metaphysic has not yet died out of the expression "attacked by convulsion." To the essayist the muscular rigidity induced by a fit is simply due to an extra violent and extra rapid nervous discharge, which, by tending to generate simultaneously a number of varied movements, has for its final result no movement at all. Other articles of more than professional interest are Mr. Horsley's criticism—by the aid of experiments made by himself—of Prof. Schiff's views as to the relation between the posterior columns of the spinal cord and the excito-motor area of the cortex; and Dr. Beevor's defence of the accepted view of the corpus callosum as a commissure between the two hemispheres against the attacks of Prof. Hamilton. The present number of the journal offers ample proof that good neurological work is now being done in this country.

THE *Altpreußische Monatsschrift* for 1885 is peculiarly rich in archaeological lore. The year begins with a paper on the foundation in the thirteenth century of Dirschau on the Vistula by Duke Sambor; and the same number has two articles on the musical history of Königsberg—one on a treatise, *De ratione compositioni cantus* (1516), with notes on its author, Thomas Horner; the other, and more readable, a lecture on composers of church music and hymns in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. To a more modern period refers a sketch of the Prussian Staatsrath in 1817, and of its anti-protectionist measures. The second quarterly part contains an impartial statement of the behaviour of East Prussia in the Seven Years' War, and of Frederick's attitude toward the province; and also an ample collection, by H. Frischbier, of the natural history and physiographical folklore which lies stored in

the proverbs of the people. A short paper on Balga sketches the geological history of the Frisches Haff. In the third part, extracts from the diary of a pastor in the Kurische Nehrung from 1664 to 1672 enable Dr. Rogge to give glimpses into the economical and spiritual trials of a clergyman among a poor and superstitious fisher-folk. Of part iv. the bulk is occupied by a list of the original documents for the annals of the town of Rastenburg. The articles on Kant are of slight amount during the year: the chief being an address by Dr. Reicke to the Kant Society on Kant and his correspondents, with an appendix giving several letters by Beck, which illustrate the growing divergence of view between the philosopher and his immediate disciples. With the commencement of 1886 the *Altpreußische Monatsschrift* appears on finer paper and with an increase in the year's subscription from nine to ten shillings. The articles for the quarter are largely local in their subject. The first deals with a project entertained in 1701 of adding a fourth to the three towns which then made up Königsberg; a long essay (illustrated), by the philologist, Bezzemberger, traces the development of the Lithuanian house; and A. Keil describes at length the state of the elementary schools in Prussia and Lithuania during the rule of Frederick William I. An after-dinner speech of Karl Lehns on Kant, delivered in 1849, is here communicated from his papers. We wish the journal all success in its new departure.

SELECTED FOREIGN BOOKS.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

GARNIER, C. *Le temple de Jupiter panhellénien.* Paris: Firmin-Didot. 200 fr.
GRIMM, J., u. W. GRIMM. *Deutsches Wörterbuch.* 8. Bd. 1. Lfg. Bearb. v. M. Heyne. Leipzig: Hirzel. 2 M.
GUERRIER, W. *L'abbé de Mably: morale et politique.* Paris: Vieweg. 3 fr.
RUUELLE, C. E. *Bibliographie générale des Gaules.* 4. LIV. Paris: Firmin-Didot. 10 fr.
SCHMIDOW, A. *Melozzo da Forli. Ein Beitrag zur Kunst- u. Kulturgeschichte Italiens im 15. Jahrh.* Stuttgart: Spemann. 100 M.
WECKERLIN, J. B. *La chanson populaire.* Paris: Firmin-Didot. 5 fr.

THEOLOGY.

HOLSTEN, C. *Die synoptischen evangelien nach der form ihres inhaltes. Für das studium der synopt. frage dargestellt u. erläutert.* Heidelberg: Groos. 4 M.
ZIEGLER, TH. *Geschichte der Ethik.* 2. Bd. *Geschichte der christl. Ethik.* Strassburg: Trübner. 9 M.

HISTORY.

ALTMANN, W. *Der Römerzug Ludwigs d. Balern. Ein Beitrag zur Geschichte d. Kampfs zwischen Papsttum u. Kaiserthum.* Berlin: Gaertner. 4 M.
CHANTAUZE, R. *Portraits historiques.* Paris: D. Die. 7 fr. 50 c.
ENGELMANN, E. *Der Anspruch der Päpste auf Konfirmation u. Approbation bei den Königswahlen. (1077-1378).* Breslau: Koehner. 3 M.
FELTEN, J. *Papst Gregor IX.* Freiburg-i.-B.: Herder. 6 M.
HEYCK, E. *Genua u. seine Marine im Zeitalter der Kreuzzüge.* Innsbruck: Wagner. 5 M.
RAMBOUILLET, F. de. *La régente et le Cardinal Dubois.* Paris: Calmann-Lévy. 3 fr. 50 c.
URI, F. *François Guyet (1575-1655), d'après des documents inédits.* Paris: Hachette. 6 fr.

PHYSICAL SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

BRÄUER, F. *Ansichten über die paläozoischen Insekten u. deren Deutung.* Wien: Hölder. 4 M.
BREZINA, A. *Ueber die Krystallform des Tellurit.* Wien: Hölder. 1 M. 20 P.
HEGYPOXY, K. *Die meteorologischen Verhältnisse d. Monats Mai in Ungarn.* Budapest: Kilian. 7 M.
KITTL, E. *Ueber die miocenischen Pteropoden v. Oesterreich-Ungarn.* Wien: Hölder. 2 M. 50 Pf.
OKELNY, L. *Die Rhabditiden u. ihre medicinische Bedeutung.* Berlin: Friedländer. 8 M.
SCHOENFLIES, A. *Geometrie der Bewegung in synthetischer Darstellung.* Leipzig: Teubner. 4 M.

PHILOLOGY, ETC.

ALBRACHT, F. *Kampf u. Kampfschilderung bei Homer. Ein Beitrag zu den Kriegsaltertümern.* Naumburg: Domrich. 1 M.
CAPPELLER, C. *Sanskrit-Wörterbuch.* Nach den Petersburger Wörterbüchern bearb. 1. Lfg. Strassburg: Trübner. 3 M.

COSLIN, P. G. *Altwestsächsische Grammatik.* 2. Hälfte. Die Flexion. The Hague: Nijhoff. 6 M.
KOCH, E. *Die Sage vom Kaiser Friedrich im Kyffhäuser.* Leipzig: Teubner. 2 M.
LAGARDE, P. de. *Neu-Griechisches aus Klein-Asien.* Göttingen: Dieterich. 3 M.
MINUCHI, FELICIS, M. *Octavius. Emendavit Ae. Baehrens.* Leipzig: Teubner. 1 M. 35 Pf.
NEUHAUS, C. *Die lateinischen Vorlagen zu den altfranzösischen Adgar-schen Marien-Legenden.* 1. Hft. Heilbronn: Henninger. 50 Pf.
PAULI, E. *E. vorgriechische Inschrift v. Lemnos.* Leipzig: Barth. 4 M.
SCHWERDT, F. J. *Methodologische Beiträge zur Wiederherstellung der griechischen Tragiker.* Leipzig: Teubner. 5 M. 20 Pf.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE PIA OF DANTE.

Siena: June 6, 1886.

It is now more than three years since I first informed English lovers of the *Divina Commedia* of Dante, through the medium of the ACADEMY, that they must consent to see the Pia dei Tolomei swept from her pedestal of centuries, and give place to a Pia of another noble Siena family.

Casually turning over the pages of an Italian magazine, not so commonly read out of Italy as it deserves, I lately stumbled on a letter written by the erudite Keeper of the Archives of Siena, which describes the discovery, and fully corroborates the truth of what must from any other source have seemed to the world of Dante's admirers rank heresy. I subjoin a translation of the letter of Commendatore L. Banchi, on whose capable shoulders henceforward rests the burden of proof, and await his promised book—delayed by his official duties as Syndic of the City—with eagerness and expectation.

WILLIAM MERCER.

"TRANSLATION."

"From the 'Cronaca' of the *Giornale Storico della Letteratura Italiana*, edited by Ermanno Loescher, 1883. Vol. I, page 523.

"The announcement made from Siena by Mr. William Mercer in the ACADEMY (No. 576), 19 May, 1883, that in the splendid archives of that city documents had been discovered by a learned Italian which showed beyond doubt that the Pia alluded to by Dante in the last four lines of Canto V. of the *Purgatorio* could not have been the Pia dei Tolomei, has caused us to seek further explanations on this important matter from the very learned Director of the Siena Archives, the Commendatore Luciano Banchi. Now, we are rejoiced to publish the following letter, in which the distinguished gentleman certifies the truth of the statement put in circulation."

"Chiarissimo Signor Novati.

"Rome, 21st June, 1883.

"You ask me what groundwork of truth there is in the news furnished by the correspondent of the ACADEMY in reference to the Pia of Dante; and to avoid delay I reply at once from Rome, where I have just arrived. As there exist in the State Archives of Siena not a few documents which, more or less directly, refer to persons or incidents recorded by the Alighieri, I have determined to publish them as a new and original commentary on some passages of the *Divina Commedia*. My estimable colleague Signor Alessandro Lisini has offered me his services, and, with kindly zeal, endeavoured to discover if other papers—that I will call "Dantesche"—were treasured in the Archives in addition to those known to us. Chief, but not sole, fruit of these researches was the making it clear that the Pia de' Guastellori, wife and widow of Baldi Tolomei, could not possibly—notwithstanding the concordance of all the commentators—be the same who inspired the well-known beautiful lines of the poet. This Pia of the commentators was still alive in 1318—that is to say just three years before the death of Dante; if she survived him I have not yet ascertained, but it is certain that in 1318 she continued widow of Baldi Tolomei. Without doubt she was then well advanced in years; and the veritable Nello della Pietra, who was believed till now to be her husband and murderer, was close upon seventy years old in the year 1318. They were both,

therefore, past the age of love, jealousy, and romance. These and other facts will demonstrate that the widow of Baldo Tolomei was not the Pia whom Dante celebrated. Who then was the real one? The answer, though difficult, will not now be impossible; moreover, to the question, and to others of the same sort, I hope the book I intend to publish, with the help of newly found documents, on the Pia of Dante will amply reply.

"With true esteem and friendship, believe me yours devotedly,
"L. BANCHI."

BUSKEN HUET.

London: June 15, 1886.

It is with great satisfaction that I have read the appreciative, and withal just, notice by Mr. Grein of the great Dutch writer, Busken Huet. There is only one statement to which I would, with your permission, suggest a sort of amplification. When he states that Busken Huet "was the only writer whose bright, sparkling sentences" could be compared with the style of the famous French critics, he loses sight of two other Dutch writers of fame who died a few years ago in the prime of their lives, and who in point of style, depth of thought, and breadth of conception, might well be placed on a level with the subject of Mr. Grein's notice. I allude to R. C. Bakhuizen van den Brink and E. J. Potgieter.

S. VAN STRAALEN.

ΚΟΡΦΑΙΟΛΟΣ.

London: June 16, 1886.

Mr. Morshead's inclusion of the word *κορφαίολος* among those not quite happily translated by a compound word in Mr. Way's remarkable version of Homer, induces me to suggest that a Saxon warrior name supplies the best rendering, and, at the same time, gives an illustration from a society curiously like the Homeric, though parted from it by the great distance of time and place. I mean the name *Cwichelm*, which will be remembered by students of the A.S. Chronicle as that of a brother of Ceawlin, and of a son of Cynegils, afterwards king of Wessesex. *Brihthelm* is not the true equivalent, though a plausible one.

R. F. LITTLEDALE.

APPOINTMENTS FOR NEXT WEEK.

MONDAY, June 21, 4 p.m. Asiatic: "Early Buddhist Symbolism," by Mr. Robert Sewell.
7.30 p.m. Education: "The Order of Studies," by Mrs. Bryant.
TUESDAY, June 22, 9 p.m. Palestine Exploration Fund: Anniversary Meeting.
4 p.m. Colonial and Indian Exhibition: Conference of the Anthropological Institute, "Races of Australia."
7.45 p.m. Statistical: "The Progress of New Zealand for Twenty Years, 1864-1884," by Sir Robert Stout.
THURSDAY, June 24, 4 p.m. Hellenic Society: Annual Meeting.
8.30 p.m. Antiquaries.
FRIDAY, June 25, 8 p.m. Browning: "Prince Hohen-siel-Schwangau," by Mr. C. H. Herford.
SATURDAY, June 26, 3 p.m. Physical: "Certain Sources of Error in connexion with Experiments on Torsional Vibration," by Mr. Hubert Tomlinson.
8.45 p.m. Botanic: General Meeting.

SCIENCE.

The Correspondence of M. Tullius Cicero.
Edited by R. Y. Tyrrell. Vol. II. Dublin University Press Series. (Longmans.)

The appearance of this second volume of Prof. Tyrrell's edition of the letters of Cicero will be heartily welcomed; and not less welcome is the expression of a hope that, by the co-operation of Mr. Purser, the next volume will succeed at much shorter interval than that which has separated the first volume from the second. The bulk of Cicero's correspondence is so great, and the difficulties, both in the criticism and in the explanation

of many of the letters, so numerous, that it might have been not unnaturally feared that the courage which undertook so heavy a task was already beginning to flag; and that the accomplished editor was allowing himself to be diverted again to some of those other fields in which he has also done such good service. But, now that another instalment of the great work is issued, and the help of a colleague—whose thorough competence has been proved so brilliantly in the present volume—has been secured, we may fairly hope that it will be carried on steadily to a not too distant close.

The character of Prof. Tyrrell's commentary is well known to all who take an interest in Ciceronian Latin, and need not be dwelt upon at any length. The deficiencies lie wholly on what may be called the mechanical side of the commentator's work. Language and matter alike are handled with an elegance and accuracy of scholarship which it would be impertinent to praise; but not seldom the scaffolding is taken down in cases where it might well have been left standing in the interests of the younger students. Canons are occasionally laid down which are sound enough in themselves, but which would have been impressed upon the memory of the reader better by the addition of one or two examples. Sometimes, too, statements are made upon points of history or archaeology, to which a reference might well have been added either to the original authorities or at least to standard books of reference. These are not only of service to the *tiro*, who ought not to be trained to believe things simply because he finds them in the notes, but often they are at least convenient to the more advanced scholar. In some places points are passed over which present no difficulty to a reader fairly familiar with the history of the time and with Cicero's usual way of alluding to persons and events, but which prove stumbling-blocks to even an intelligent beginner. It is natural that an editor with Prof. Tyrrell's thorough knowledge of his author and his time should overlook such points now and again; but they are, so far as they go, drawbacks to the usefulness of a work which, for the very reason that it is so comprehensive, will be consulted by many who are unable to read through the whole of it. My meaning will be best brought out if I add that it is just where Mr. Watson's useful selection is strongest that Dr. Tyrrell's is weakest; and we may hope that the collaboration which is promised for the future may result in a little more tenderness for weaker brethren. For example: on Att. iv. 1, 6, Dr. Tyrrell rightly enough notes "*eo biduo*, 'two days afterwards,' *illo biduo* means 'two days before"'; but why not add such examples as *Verr. ii. 64, venerat ad eum illo biduo Laetilius quidam*, and *Caes. B. C. i. 41, eo biduo Caesar in castra pervenit?* (Does not in Pis. 14 make the rule a little doubtful?) Similarly one or two Latin examples might have replaced the quotation from Thucydides on Ep. xviii. 3. The *ludi Romani* present some difficulties, but surely the note on p. 143 implies a confusion with the Megalesia, which is made also in Smith's *Dictionary of Antiquities*, but which is quite indefensible. Mommsen holds that September 4 was added after Caesar's death (*C. I. L.*, i. 401), and the dates given by Prof. Tyrrell rest only

upon calendars of the time of Augustus. *Magister*, in Ep. clix. 6, certainly calls for an addition to the note, and the use of *θερικότερον* in Ep. cli. 4 might have been explained more fully. In Ep. clxvii. 1 *tot interregnis* would have been made clearer by a reference, if only to Merivale, ii. 27. The triumph of Pompelinus is left unexplained on p. 164, to which place the note on p. 183 should have been transferred with some expansion. The explanation given of *ex iure* on p. 216, "in accordance with legal rights of a citizen," is quite inconsistent with the interpretation of Gellius (xx. 10), "out of court," and appears irreconcilable with the corresponding formula "in iure." If Prof. Tyrrell has reason for rejecting this interpretation it would have been well to adduce it. Notes would have been welcome on *me expedio ad Drusum* (Ep. cxlii. 9: cf. Ep. cxli. 5), or *patris memoria* (Ep. cxli. 6). To criticisms such as these it might be naturally replied that Boot's edition supplies all that is needful, and that a scholar like Prof. Tyrrell has something better to do than to transcribe the notes and references of previous editors. But, after all, it is not unreasonable to expect that what will certainly be the standard edition should be complete in itself; and that for this completeness some amount of mechanical drudgery is indispensable.

But one is almost ashamed to offer such suggestions, even in the interests of less advanced students, in face of the very numerous contributions of the highest value which Prof. Tyrrell has made to the criticism of these difficult letters. It is hard to say whether he has done most service by his brilliant defence of some of the MS. readings needlessly altered by almost all recent editors, or by his own emendations, and those of Mr. Purser, a large proportion of which are as certainly correct as they are invariably ingenious. Of Dr. Tyrrell's own conjectures those on Epp. xci. 5, cii. 3, cxxxiii. 1, cxlii. 7, cxlii. 1, clvi. 1, clviii. 1, ib. 2 (a most brilliant combination), and clxxi. 1 deserve to find a place in all future editions of the text; and the same may be said of Mr. Purser's on xcii. 3, xviii. 2, cliii. 18 (bis), and clxxix. 1. I am sorry to find that Prof. Tyrrell, on Ep. cxli. 3, allows *ioculatorem* to stand, on which I may refer to my introduction to the *De Oratore*, p. 22.

The happy and spirited bits of translation which added so much to the value of Prof. Tyrrell's first volume are not less numerous or less successful in the second. The rendering of *postularim* on p. 9 appears inconsistent with the context, as well brought out in the next note; and I do not like, on p. 86, "not only to talk to me, but talk me down, if you like," as a rendering of *et obloquare et colloquare*. The renderings of *iaclare*, *emissarius*, *infrequens*, and *inductis* are unquestionably right, though against authority. I cannot think that an erroneous explanation of *domi esse* is the foundation of the current explanation of the puzzling *foris esse* of Ep. cliv. 3. This is based rather upon the requirements of the context; and Prof. Tyrrell himself admits that the meaning cannot be far different, however we may arrive at it. Many would have been thankful for a rendering of *Animus . . . leuissimum* in Ep. cli. 3, and for a hint how to take *quo* in Ep. clxxviii. 2. The notes

on points of grammar are often very helpful. The subjunctive in Ep. clxxix. 3 is not necessarily consecutive; it is also required by the reported thought. It may be noted that Mr. Roby's undue restriction of the force of *sub* with the accusative, justly blamed on Ep. xciii. 1, has been set right in the latest edition of his School Grammar.

I ought not to leave unnoticed the brilliant historical essays in which Prof. Tyrrell continues his sympathetic defence of Cicero's conduct during that very time when it appears most open to the sneers of Mommsen; nor the valuable pages in which, following Streicher, and aided by Mr. Purser, he gives the results of a minute study of the Harleian MS., and shows its independence of the Medicean, and its value in the criticism of the *Epistole ad Familiares*. Though the actual gain from the use of this MS. is not so much as could be desired, it is something to have even a little fresh light on some perplexing passages; and the reading *Cinnes for meis* in cliii. 11 is right beyond dispute.

New editions very seldom receive the recognition which is due to the labour spent upon them. Hence I may take this opportunity of calling attention to the numerous corrections and additions which have been made in the second edition of Prof. Tyrrell's first volume, which has just been issued. The introduction and the notes have evidently been revised with great care, and the work now appears in a form in many ways improved. It is unfortunate that the improvements are, as a rule, such that they cannot be easily made accessible to that much-deserving and much-suffering class—the purchasers of first editions. The careful revision of the first volume has encouraged me to enter into details in noticing this second volume, which otherwise might have received only that warm and grateful recognition which will be on all hands offered to it.

A. S. WILKINS.

TWO PARSI BOOKS.

Ganje shāyagān, *Andarze Ātrepāt Mārāspandān*, *Mādīgāne chatrang*, and *Andarze Khusroe Kavātān*. The original Pahlavi texts, with Gujarati and English translations by Peshutān Dastur Behramji Sanjana. (Harassowitz: Leipzig.) The Pahlavi student, whose chief difficulty lies in gaining access to sufficient materials for prosecuting his studies, will gladly welcome these thirty-six pages of Pahlavi texts in their original characters, of which twenty-seven are now printed for the first time. These texts are, however, weighted with the same accompaniments as the learned Dastur has found necessary for recommending his edition of the *Dinkard* to his fellow-countrymen as well as to European scholars, of which only the English introduction and translation are likely to be useful to the latter. The *Ganje shāyagān* professes to be a memorandum (*yādkār*) of religious and moral maxims, drawn up at the command of King Khusrō Nōshirvān (A.D. 531-79) by Buzurg-mihr, his prime minister, and deposited in the *ganj-i shākān*, or royal treasury. The oldest MS. of this text consulted by the editor was written by Herbad Kāmidīn, a copyist who flourished in the latter half of the fourteenth century. In this MS. the text ends abruptly with § 120; but a copy of another very old MS. exists, which carries on the text to a natural conclusion about eighteen lines further on. While §§ 121-59, which the editor has found succeeding § 120 in a modern MS., are

generally written as a separate admonitory treatise, often called the *Pandndāk-i Zarātusht*; and §§ 160-69 form a third treatise of a similar nature. The *Andarze Ātrepāt Mārāspandān* has been previously published as a *pandndāk*, with a Gujarati translation by Sheriarji Dadabhai in 1866; but there are reasons for believing that this treatise is still incomplete, and that the last third of its text remains unpublished. The former half of this unpublished text has not been yet discovered; and the latter half, having become detached from its context, remains unrecognised in a few old MSS., but is sometimes called the *Haqiqat-rōzhd*, or statement of the days, because the greater part of it is an account of the particular actions appropriate to each of the thirty days of the month. The *Mādīgāne chatrang*, or treatise on chess, relates how Devasarma, monarch of the Hindus, sent one of his wise men (whose name is corrupted into Takhrītūs), with presents and the game of chess, to King Khusrō Nōshirvān, to request that Persian ruler either to explain the game or to pay tribute. After three days' consideration Buzurg-mihr explains the game and checkmates Takhrītūs. He afterwards invented the game of backgammon, which he called Nēv-Artakhshir, and was sent with it and other presents to Devasarma, who, being unable to explain the game after forty days' consideration, was himself compelled to pay tribute. This tale is told as a tradition, and is probably derived from the original source of the version given by Firdausi in the *Shāhnāmāh*, not from the *Shāhnāmāh* itself. The *Andarze Khusroe Kavātān* professes to give the dying injunctions of King Khusrō Nōshirvān to his subjects, advising them to remain steadfast in their religious duties. By publishing these short treatises the editor has taken the best means for preserving them from the oblivion and destruction which threaten all texts that survive in only a few MSS. contained in private libraries.

Civilisation of the Eastern Iranians in Ancient Times. Vol. I.—“Ethnography and Social Life.” Translated from the German of W. Geiger by Darab Dastur Peshutān Sanjana. (H. Frowde.) A German scientific work translated into English by a Parsi priest is a novelty in literature; and when to this are added the facts that the original work is the best and most complete that has been written upon the subjects of which it treats, and that the translation is as good and idiomatic as could be expected from any Englishman, it may be safely recommended as a book well worth perusal by anyone who wishes to learn all that can be really ascertained, from the *Avesta* texts, about the manners and customs of the ancient Zoroastrians. The translator, who is a son of the high priest of the predominant sect of the Parsis in Bombay, has selected for translation such portions of the original German work as he considered most likely to interest his fellow-countrymen and English readers in general. He has therefore confined his attention, in the present volume, to §§ 23-43 (omitting a considerable portion of §§ 28 and 39) of Dr. Geiger's book. These sections, which form nearly half of the German work, treat of the *Avesta* people and their adversaries, the manners and customs of the former, their ideas as to a future existence, the configuration of the world, and divisions of time, their domestic animals, agriculture, manufactures, medical treatment, habitations, and settlements. In addition to these a short but comprehensive essay on the religion of the *Avesta*, its sacred beings and demonology, has been contributed by Dr. Geiger as an introduction to the English translation, and forms by no means the least interesting part of the work.

E. W. WEST.

SCIENCE NOTES.

ON Tuesday, June 15, Dr. R. H. Traquair, as Swiney lecturer on geology, delivered the first of a course of twelve lectures in the theatre of the Natural History Museum, South Kensington, upon “The Geology and Palaeontology of the Carboniferous System.” The course is to be continued on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Friday, at 4 p.m. Admission is free.

MESSRS. WILLIAMS & NORGATE have issued a catalogue of scientific works, chiefly in French, German, and other foreign languages. The total of the numbers is nearly 2,000, classified alphabetically in five divisions: (1) general science, including travels, and transactions of learned societies; (2) anthropology and prehistoric antiquities; (3) animal biology; (4) botany and agriculture; (5) geology and metallurgy.

THE Geologists' Association has just issued a new part of its *Proceedings*, which contains, with other interesting matter, two articles of exactly the type which the association would do well to encourage. One of them is “On Flightless Birds,” by Dr. H. Woodward; the other “On Fossil Crocodiles,” by Mr. Smith Woodward. These papers—both of which come from officers of the British Museum—are carefully prepared *résumés* of their respective subjects, and will be of much value to students of vertebrate palaeontology.

THE last number of the *Mineralogical Magazine* contains an address delivered by Prof. Bonney on retiring from the presidential chair of the Mineralogical Society. In this address he advocates the use of a binomial nomenclature in mineralogy, as in the biological sciences. Mr. Solly, of Cambridge, describes some interesting minerals from Cornwall, and gives a detailed history of the species known as axinite; while Mr. Miers, of the British Museum, continues his useful notes on mineralogical bibliography for the year 1884.

PHILOLOGY NOTES.

THE Peking Oriental Society has just issued the two first numbers of its *Journal*. No. 1 consists of an interesting paper by Dr. Edkin, on the “Allusions to China in Pliny's Natural History”; and No. 2 an article by Dr. Bushell, on “Some Ancient Roman Coins found in Shansi”; and one by Mr. Arendt, on “Parallels in Greek and Chinese Literature.”

M. H. ZOTENBERG, of the Bibliothèque Nationale, has published (Paris: Maisonneuve) a treatise on the Christian Romance of Barlaam and Joasaph, which was so popular in the middle ages, and which has for us a fresh interest from its incorporation of many of the legendary incidents in the life of Buddha. M. Zotenbergh deals mainly with the Greek text of the romance, of which the earliest MS. goes back to the eleventh century; and he also prints extracts from the Arabic and the Ethiopic versions. According to the Latin version, the author was the famous St. John of Damascus, who flourished in the eighth century. This attribution has been generally accepted, and was adopted by Prof. Max Müller in his discussion of the subject. But all the early Greek MSS., from the eleventh to the fifteenth century, agree in stating that the romance was brought from India to Jerusalem by John, a monk of Saint Saba. M. Zotenbergh is inclined to think that the Greek version is the original, and that it was written between 620 and 634, at the beginning of the controversies about monotheism. M. Gaston Paris, in the *Revue Critique*, argues that it probably came from India through a Pehlvi and then a Syriac channel, like the *Kalilah and Dimnah*, &c.

The original Indian source appears to be the *Lalita Vistara*; but the closest similarities are to be found in the Chinese paraphrase of the *Abinishkramana Sutra*.

In the series entitled "Porta Linguarum Orientalium," published by Reuther of Karlsruhe, there has just appeared a Grammar of Aethiopic, with paradigms, chrestomathy, and glossary.

MEETINGS OF SOCIETIES.

CAMBRIDGE PHILOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—(Monday, May 13.)

DR. JACKSON in the Chair.—Prof. Cowell read a paper on the Armenian Queen Anelyda in Chaucer's "Compleynte." The late Mr. Henry Bradshaw, in a conversation held shortly before his death, had identified her with Anahita ('Avatris), the ancient goddess of Persia and Armenia; and the object of the paper was to work out this suggestion. Mr. Bradshaw had supposed that Chaucer got the name Anelyda from a misreading of the name Anactidem or Anactida in some Latin MS., the *t* being mistaken for *l*. Chaucer may have found the name in Pliny xxxiii. 24, where we have an anecdote about a golden statue taken in Antony's Parthian campaign, "aurea statu in templo Anactidos posita . . . numine gentibus illis sacratissimo"; or he may have found the name in a mediaeval Latin legend about some Armenian saint, as the early records of Armenian church history are full of the persecutions of the Christians, because they refused to join in the licentious worship of this deity. Armenia had a special interest to English people in Chaucer's time, which made it less unlikely for Chaucer to bring an Armenian queen into his story. Thomas of Walsingham relates that in the beginning of the fourteenth century a report spread in Europe that Cassianus, the king of the Tartars, had become a Christian. It was said that he had forced the king of Armenia to give him his daughter in marriage; and, when the eldest boy was born, "inventus est hispidus et pilosus velut ursus." The father gave orders that the child should be burned; but the queen begged that he might first be baptised, when he instantly became like other children. The chronicler adds, "hoo viso, creditit pater et domus tota." This Cassianus is evidently Gházán Khán, who succeeded to the throne in 1295. This story is no doubt a mere fiction; but it is well known that his father, Arghún Khán, had communications with the Pope Nicholas IV., who sent an embassy to him in 1289; and D'Ohsson expressly says, "Argoun aimait et protégeait les Chrétiens." Matthew Paris mentions that an Armenian bishop visited England in 1228, and in 1252 some Armenian monks came for a short time to St. Albans. Thomas of Walsingham describes how in 1362 there was a tournament before the king and queen in Smithfield, and some knights of Spain, Cyprus, and also Armenia were present; and Fabyan's Chronicle says that the king of Armenia came over to England in 1384, and received large sums of money. Chaucer may have been at a loss for a native name to give to his Armenian queen; and so he had recourse to the name of the goddess whom he found connected with Armenia, exactly as Dr. Aikin, in his *Evenings at Home*, when he was at a loss for an Indian name for the hero of his tale to illustrate the doctrine of transmigration, fell back upon the name of a well-known Indian deity, and called his tale *The Transmigrations of Indra*.—Mr. Monro read a paper on "Technical Terms in Roman Law," of which the following is an abstract. I wish in this paper to remark on some of the methods in vogue for rendering into English the technical terms of Roman law, though what I have to say would probably be equally applicable to some other subjects. The principle I wish to advocate is that of, as a general rule, not translating these terms at all, but simply transcribing them. To appreciate the question let us consider some of the various ways in which you may deal with technical expressions if you are translating a treatise in which they occur. (1) You may, as I say, transcribe them; leave them as they are in the original language. *Heres*, for example, will remain *heres*. This I call the transcriptive rendering. (2) You

may use language of your own which describes what you think is the meaning of the original term. *Heres* will then, perhaps, become *successor*. This may then be called the descriptive rendering. (3) You may take the English term, which is most nearly connected with the original philologically, that is, in many cases, the original word in a modernised form. *Heres* will then be *heir*. This is the etymological rendering. (4) You may use the nearest corresponding English technical term. *Heres* will then be again *heir*, or perhaps *executor*. This is the technical rendering. Different renderings may also be concurrent, as in the case just mentioned; or a rendering essentially of one character may be given in the guise of another. A few words on these various methods. (1) This I recommend, and will not discuss further at present. (2) This is a favourite method with Germans. I have a German translation of the *Digest* where hardly a single Latin word is allowed to pass. *Patria potestas* is "väterliche Gewalt," *adoption* is "annahme an Kindes Statt," &c. Mr. Poste translates *suis heres* "self-successor." In such translations one feels as if the force of the original were washed out. But I think it may be said with truth that the sense is spoilt and the translation hardly correct. The phrase "taking in place of a child" does not translate *adoption*. *Adoption* means doing this with certain formalities implied in the term. "Taking in place of a child" implies no formalities. (3) An objection to the etymological rendering is that English words ordinarily used without reference to the Latin from which they are derived have contracted a number of associations which mislead the imagination when they are used to translate the Latin term. For this reason I should think that people who speak Romance languages (among whom, for the present purpose, we must include ourselves) are, so far, badly situated for understanding Latin words, and, consequently, Roman things. This would apply especially to Italians. An Italian who has to translate such a word as *colonia* can only write down what is in form the same word; but this, though literally a transcriptive rendering, is practically the substitution of a modern term, and slightly vitiates the sense by bringing in strange associations. (4) Similar remarks may be made of the technical rendering. This, however, seems to me to be also objectionable in some ways peculiar to itself; it is almost certain to be inexact, and it deprives you of what is one of the main objects and points of interest in a study of Roman law, viz., comparison of ancient and modern law. Moreover, it conveys an impression that the translator wishes to display his learning. As illustrations of what I mean I will mention two cases. Mr. Poste renders *arcarium nomen* (Gaius 3.131) by "entry of a person as debtor to cash." Mr. Moyle translates *juratoria cautio* (Justinian 4.2.2) "sworn recognition." The fact is, one hardly knows whether a given translation of a treatise is intended to assist a student in understanding an original which he has before him, or to be a substitute for the original, which, for some reason or other, he is not supposed to read for himself. In the former case a translation of a technical term only anticipates an explanation given in the treatise, and is therefore superfluous; in the latter the assumption is made that the student is entirely unacquainted with Latin, which is very unlikely to be the case. In fact, the chances are that the phrase which is used to interpret the Latin is itself only intelligible to a student who can interpret it by the Latin. It is therefore of no use, and only gives trouble. A further objection to translating instead of transcribing is that it stereotypes meanings which are really open to question, of which various instances might be given, as where Mr. Poste calls *suis heres* "self-successor," or French writers translate *legis actio* "action de la loi."—The president observed that the views expressed by Mr. Monro were the same as those that had guided him in his edition of the fifth book of Aristotle's *Nicomachean Ethics*.

BROWNING SOCIETY.—(Friday, May 28.)

PROF. EDWIN JOHNSON in the Chair.—A paper was read by the Rev. H. J. Bulkeley on "The Reasonable Rhythm of some of Browning's Poems." Mr. Bulkeley said there were many sincere and ardent admirers of Browning's work

who were shut out from half the enjoyment to be derived from it by their want of ear. They had mind for his thought, but no ear for his music—that music of rhythm which characterises most—indeed, nearly all—of Browning's poems. Few or none of these poems resemble some of Shelley's and Swinburne's, for instance, in possessing no formal quality save music. He probably never aimed at such an effect. Language is always his servant, not his master. In his poems the rhythm is not absolute, but reasonable, dependent on the general meaning of the poem, or on the special image, thought, or emotion. To think there should always be music—sweet sound—in all verse is to confuse the principles of music with those of poetry. How keen inarticulate emotion should pass, as it becomes more absolute, from words into instrumental music is well put by Browning himself in "A Serenade at the Villa":

"What they could my words expressed,
Oh, my love, my all, my one!
Singing helped the verses best;
And, when singing's best was done,
To my lute I left the rest."

In "Abt Vogler" the same truth is expressed in grand thoughts and in a correspondingly grand harmony of words. If we hold that to be the very highest poetry where sound and sense are so very closely connected as to be inseparable, if poetry in its essence is imaginative thought, and in its form is imaginative thought expressed in appropriate rhythmical language, then we may claim for Browning that he is a great poet and a great poetic artist, not solely or even chiefly on account of his thoughts, but also on account of his reasonably melodious expression of them. The remainder of the paper was devoted to quotation and exposition of poems selected in illustration of the thesis of the paper, and included a specially detailed analysis of "Before and After." To the objection which might be urged that he had selected melodious and pleasing poems, passing over those which are harsh and grotesque, Mr. Bulkeley maintained that the "harshness and grotesqueness" had always dramatic fitness, and that the poems so charged, such as "The Flight of the Duchess," "Holy Cross Day," &c., were finely harmonious where they are, or seem to be, wanting in general melody.—The Chairman, having expressed the thanks of himself and of the meeting to Mr. Bulkeley for the paper and for the skilful manner in which he had handled the subject, said that he considered Browning to have shown himself a greater master of rhythm, unless with very few exceptions, than any poet in our language. He fully agreed with the writer in his remarks on the imitative aspects of Browning's work, but did not rate that sort of skill as among the higher accomplishments of a great poet. Rhythm and the tone of sounds were of course different things. There was a rhythm for the eye and an inner rhythm, and in that inner rhythm, or the rhythm of the imagination, Browning remarkably excelled. This was not, however, to be looked on as the cause of his obscurity, which was at least partly due to the fact that his language often hovered between the inarticulate expression of music and the articulate expression of common speech.—In the discussion which followed Dr. Furnivall and Mr. Gonner took exception, vigorously, to the contentions of the paper as a whole, and denied that Browning, except in the rarest instances, wrote musical verse, and that he could be called a master of metre. Mr. Gonner said that had Mr. Bulkeley quoted the longer instead of the shorter poems, as would have been fairer, the difference that exists between a man supreme in metre and a man trying to express his thought in verse, would have been even more apparent. Browning was not a metrical master; for after one had attained to the meaning of his poems one had to intrude into them one's own musical force. If one read, for example, "Sordello," with a strict regard to its punctuation and metre and no regard to meaning, the effect certainly would be curious.—Mr. Bernard Shaw replied that if the metrical quality was due to the reader and the intellectual quality alone to Browning, then it might be said that if the full wealth of melody in a sonata of Beethoven could only be brought to light by a studious and enthusiastic player, the melody was put into the sonata by the

player and not by Beethoven. Evidently Browning's poems were distinguished in his own mind from prose by some metrical quality, or he would have printed them as prose. Inability to perceive this distinction on the part of any particular person, however capable of appreciating the verses of Mr. Coventry Patmore, which had been quoted as "musical," was no more conclusive as to its non-existence in Browning than the inability of admirers of "Pop goes the Weasel" to perceive rhythm and melody in compositions of Bach and Beethoven proved these not to be music. Dr. Furnivall and Mr. Gonner were no more wrong about Browning than Spohr and Weber had been about Beethoven, or the musical world in general, until recently, about Wagner, who was censured, just as Handel and Mozart had been before him, as producing formless cacophony. The objections to these great musicians and to Browning's work were merely the protests of the unaccustomed and prepossessed ear; and such protests, especially from contemporaries, should always be made with becoming modesty.—At the close of the discussion, which was continued by several members, Mr. Bulkeley briefly replied.

ANTHROPOLOGICAL INSTITUTE.—(Tuesday, June 8.)
F. GALTON, Esq., President, in the Chair.—Mr. C. H. Read read a paper on "The Ethnological Exhibits in the Colonial and Indian Exhibition," in which he reviewed briefly the collections to be seen in the various courts, and described in detail some of the objects. The author dwelt especially upon the meagreness of the collection sent from the Dominion of Canada, where there is such a vast field for ethnological enquiry.—Miss Buckland read a paper on "American Shell-work and its Affinities," in which it was pointed out that the resemblance in shell ornaments found in mounds in various states of North America to those existing in the Solomon and Admiralty Islands renders it highly probable that a commerce was carried on between the islands of the Pacific and the American continent prior to the Spanish conquest.—A paper was read by Mr. C. W. Rosset on "The Maldivian Islands." The group contains upwards of 12,000 islands, which lie in clusters called Atols, of which there are more than twenty. The King's, or Sultan's, Island is situated in Malé Atol, and here Mr. Rosset spent seventy days, as the Sultan would not allow him to visit the other Atols. The natives live almost entirely upon fish and rice; and, as the islands are not capable of producing grain of any kind, the rice has to be imported from India, the nearest point of which is about 350 miles distant. The author gave an interesting description of the customs of the natives, and exhibited a large collection of photographs, dresses, and other objects of ethnological interest.

EDINBURGH MATHEMATICAL SOCIETY.—(Friday, June 11.)

DR. R. M. FERGUSON, President, in the Chair.—Mr. Alexander Robertson discussed a problem in combinations; Mr. John Alison gave a mnemonic for a group of trigonometrical formulae; and Mr. A. Y. Fraser read a communication from Mr. George A. Gibson on integration by parts and successive reduction.

FINE ART.

The Life and Works of Joseph Wright, A.R.A., commonly called "Wright of Derby." By William Bemrose. With a Preface by Cosmo Monkhouse. (Bemrose.)

In 1858, the National Portrait Gallery, by the gift of Mr. W. M. Rossetti, became possessed of a likeness of Joseph Wright, painted by himself, which is at once familiar and characteristic. It is a half-length of a slender, youthful-looking man, turning his face to the spectator, as he leans upon a portfolio. He has brown hair, and eyes which look keenly out of the picture, and he wears a yellowish-green coat. The portrait

fills you with a sense of subdued delicacy and refinement, which attracts you again and again. At the National Gallery is the famous "Experiment with the Air-pump," exemplifying at its best one of those curious effects of artificial light, with which, in the minds of most people, Wright is usually connected. A family group, with faces all lit from below, gather round the demonstrator. There is a live bird in the receiver, and its impending fate is the source of a pretty commiseration on the part of two little girls. At the side a boy lets down a blind to exclude the streaming moonlight. These two pictures, if we had no other examples, might be said to be fairly representative of Wright's best work, although he also attained to considerable excellence in landscape. Mr. Bemrose, whose recent life of him is at once the expression, as Mr. Monkhouse puts it, of "the love of art, the love of family, and the love of locality," has loyally endeavoured to repair some of the injustice done by time to the reputation of a remarkable and individual artist. He has had access to much unpublished material; he has consulted ancient notes and memoranda; he has piously inspected the relics, personal and otherwise, preserved by Wright's relatives; he has even induced Mr. Seymour Haden to aid him with two special etchings; and, finally, he has secured for his preface the services of an art-critic of proved ability, who, wise in his generation, has done his best to forestall further comment by himself supplying an acute and excellent summary of Wright's method, aim, and achievement. If, after all this earnest endeavour at excellence, we have an objection to make to the result, it is that the form of the book is too large. In his desire to render his tribute monumental, Mr. Bemrose has made it unwieldy; and without some of those gymnastic wrestlings, in the throes of which *Punch* once depicted the unhappy possessor of a modern *édition de luxe*, it is impossible to consult it with comfort. Another defect, upon which we would not lean too heavily, is the over importance given typographically to mere reprints of lists and catalogues. But it is easy to see that this is the outcome of a passion for literal accuracy.

Wright's life does not seem to have been eventful, and was spent chiefly in the town where he was born and educated. Three and a half years under Hudson in London, two in Italy, two in Bath, make up the sum of his wanderings and absences; the rest of his life was spent at Derby. In Derby, or its neighbourhood, he sold his pictures. It was in Derby that his name most lived on the tongues of men. But, as his biographer does not fail to point out, he deserves a wider fame than this. Not ranking, it may be, with the Hogarths, the Reynolds, the Gainsboroughs, the Wilsons, he is above the Wests, the Barrys, and the Northcotes. He deserves a place, says Mr. Monkhouse, between them, though nearer the greater than the lesser men. His colouring, if not daring and original, is skilful and harmonious; and his management of effects of accidental and artificial light characterised by a skill and ingenuity so unmistakable that his more admirable qualities of grouping, design, and gesture have sometimes been overlooked in consequence. The "Orrery," now in the Derby Art Gallery, the "Air-Pump,"

the "Gladiator," are all well-known examples of this side of Wright's genius, familiar enough in the excellent mezzotints of Valentine Green, mezzotints which, in the happy days of their first production, could have been procured collectively for the modest sum of fifty shillings. What would be their price now at Noseda's or Celnaghi's! The "Dead Soldier," which Fuseli regarded as Wright's "one eminent success in the pathetic," is still often to be seen in country houses, where Heath's engraving of it figures as a pendant to Woollett's "Death of Wolfe" or Sharp's "Landing of Charles II." Of his merely sentimental vein, Sterne's "Maria," of which Mr. Bemrose gives a process facsimile, is a fair specimen, worthy of that Hayley-cum-Seward epoch in which it was conceived. Of the endless conflagration and firework pieces, from which his contemporaries "snatched a fearful joy," there is less to say; but his portraits have more definite merit. Admirable in their treatment of the picturesque costume of our ancestors, they are far from being mere conventional impersonalities. They are natural and unaffected men and women. "Unsophisticated by fashion or affectation," says Mr. Monkhouse, "Wright's portraits are history in its simplest form."

Mr. Bemrose has accumulated a number of minor anecdotes respecting his hero's younger days, some of which show once more how persistently the child is father of the man. The account of his early mechanical ingenuities enables us to understand the presence of air-pumps and orreries in his later pictures; while we recognise the painter of innumerable firelight effects in the boy who could never pass a blacksmith's shop without pausing to watch its light and shade. Of the mere *trompe l'œil* quality of his work there seems to be no manner of doubt, as upon this theme there is quite a cluster of anecdotes. Once, we are told, a greyhound bounded up to its master's portrait, and began licking the face. Upon another occasion, a lady requested that a cage, which was part of the picture, should be moved aside in order that she might see it better; and a country fellow, who was looking at the "Old Man and the Ass" (from Sterne), tried to kick away a saddle which lay on the ground under the impression that it was real. But the best of these stories is one which dates as late as 1883. A farmer and his wife were standing in the Derby Art Gallery before a "Boy blowing a Bladder," and the curator heard Darby say to Joan in the Derbyshire dialect: "Ah tell yer t'blither iz put behind t'pieter, that's a raal blither." The wife replied that it was only a painted bladder. He then turned round and appealed to the curator, who had just entered the gallery, who assured him that the bladder was painted upon the canvas, whereupon the farmer became most indignant, and replied, "Doan't yer think I knows a blither when ah seez un?"

A good many of Wright's letters from Rome and Bath find a place in Mr. Bemrose's pages; but they do not greatly lend themselves to quotation, although they are interesting as exhibiting the character of the man. Mr. Bemrose dwells also with some acrimony upon Wright's quarrel with the Academy; and upon the strictures respecting his works

in the *Century of Painters* of Messrs. Redgrave, who certainly appear to have had a backward and a forward voice in this matter. The volume contains some poems by William Hayley, whose son, said to have been a promising artist, was at one time Wright's pupil. Mr. Bemrose may be congratulated on having succeeded in his labour of love. No one is likely to approach the subject with greater facilities for doing justice to it; and his industry and enthusiasm make it next to impossible to add much to the materials he has brought together in his handsome volume.

AUSTIN DOBSON.

PROF. MASPERO'S RESIGNATION.

AFTER five years' tenure of office, Prof. Maspero has resigned the most coveted, and certainly the most enviable, position to which an Egyptologist can aspire. When the news was first announced, it was received with some incredulity. We are, however, in a position to state that it is correct. By those who have known the circumstances of M. Maspero's domestic life during the past few years, his decision, deeply as it must be deplored in the interests of science, is admitted to be inevitable. He went out to Egypt in 1881, a newly married man, accompanied by a young, charming, and devoted wife, who entered with enthusiasm into all the excitement and interest of his new career, and who subsequently shared with him the dangers and privations consequent upon the rebellion and the war. Over fatigue, over anxiety, the lack of a house in which to reside at Boulak, and the unhealthy conditions of a life spent on board a small steamer for at least nine or ten months in every year, were trials which Mdme. Maspero cheerfully accepted, but to which her strength has proved unequal. She has suffered a long succession of painful and dangerous illnesses; and, in the opinion of her physicians, the climate of Egypt is fatal to her. Prof. Maspero has, therefore, had to choose between his ambition as a savant and his duty as a man and a husband. We sympathise with his disappointment. We lament the irreparable loss to science, to history, to Boulak, to the world; but we admire his unselfish devotion to his highest duties, and we heartily hope that he may be amply rewarded in the gain of health to Mdme. Maspero, and possibly to himself.

Prof. Maspero will be succeeded in the service of the Khedive by his distinguished pupil, M. Grébaut, whose admirable translation of the *Hymn to Amen-Ra* (Boulak papyrus) and whose contributions to the *Recueil des Travaux*, have long since placed him in the front rank of rising Egyptologists.

THE PALESTINE EXPLORATION FUND.

A PUBLIC meeting will be held on Tuesday next, June 22, in the theatre of the Royal Institution, to commemorate the twenty-first anniversary of the Palestine Exploration Fund. The chair will be taken by the Archbishop of York, who presided at the first public meeting of the society on June 22, 1863. Prince Albert Victor has expressed his intention to be present. The meeting will be addressed by Sir Charles Wilson, Sir Charles Warren, and Capt. Conder, as former exploring officers of the society; by Mr. James Glaisher, chairman of the executive committee; by Canon Tristram, Sir George Grove, Mr. Walter Morrison, and Mr. John Macgregor, as founders of the society; and by Prof. Hayter Lewis, who will give an account of the recent discovery of what is believed to be the Second Wall of Jerusalem. It is proposed to make this

the occasion of raising a special subscription for the accomplishment of three objects:

(1) The recovery of the Second Wall. Concerning this, Prof. Hayter Lewis reports that it is a very old structure, ten feet in thickness; that it is built of stones dressed in the way regarded as Jewish or Phenician, i.e., with the marginal draft—like the stones in the lower courses of the temple wall and in the more ancient parts of David's tower; and that there exists, outside the wall, a rock scarp which has been followed to the depth of fifteen feet. The course of the wall is now covered with houses, but it was laid open for 120 feet. If this be indeed the Second Wall, the ascertainment of its course must either overthrow the present so-called Holy Sites, with the Church of the Holy Sepulchre and the Tomb, or lead a new argument of the greatest weight to support the traditional view. It may be stated that Herr Schick's opinion of its course places the Holy Sepulchre outside the wall. The Second Wall began at the Gate Gennath, "encircled the northern quarter of the city and reached as far as Antonia," and probably contained the Valley Gate, the Corner Gate, the "turning of the wall, fortified with towers by Uzziah (II. Chron. xxvi. 9), and the "broad wall" (Neh. iii. 8; xii. 35).

(2) The carrying out of an inquiry into the manners and customs of the people now residing in and about the Holy Land. Among the races and religions that will be subjected to this inquiry are the Greek Christians, Latin Christians, ordinary Moslems, Metawileh, Druses, Maronites, Armenians, Bedawin, Fellahin, Ansariyah, &c. The questions have been drawn up by Capt. Conder, in accordance with the scientific classification prepared ten years ago by Mr. F. Galton and others for the British Association, supplemented by a set specially drawn up by the Folklore Society. They are subdivided into classes, not only of subjects, but also of peoples to whom they are to be addressed.

(3) The publication of materials now in the hands of the committee. These include Capt. Conder's survey of Eastern Palestine, with all his drawings and plans; Le Comte's drawings, made for M. Clermont-Ganneau's archaeological mission; Hart's natural history memoir; and Schumacher's second survey (not yet received).

With regard to forthcoming publications, it is announced that a new book by Capt. Conder, entitled *Syrian Stone Lore*, giving an account of Palestine and its people from the monuments, will be issued in October. Mr. Guy le Strange is compiling a Gazetteer of Palestine from the early Arab geographers, which he hopes to have ready by the end of the year. The Palestine Pilgrims' Text Society has just issued to its members *Procopius*, and has in the press Mr. le Strange's translation of *Mukadessy* and also Mr. Besant's translation of the Norman-French description of Jerusalem, with notes by Capt. Conder.

EXHIBITION OF PAINTINGS ON CHINA.

THE eleventh annual exhibition of Paintings on China, which is now being held at Messrs. Howell & James's, consists of 949 items of various degrees of excellence, but maintaining a high average. The exhibition this year also includes a number of pastels. Mrs. William Smith, of Woodlyffe, has been awarded the highest prize for amateurs—the Crown Princess of Germany's gold badge—for two Persian designs. The "Princess Alice" prize—a silver badge—has been taken by Miss Kate Kirkman, with two plaques of finely painted flowers. The royal prizes for professionals have been awarded to the well-known artists—Miss Ellen Welby and Miss Charlotte H. Spiers; and the prize given by the judges (Messrs. Frederick Goodall and

H. Stacey Marks) has fallen to Mr. Schuller, for several splendid studies of flowers. A sad interest is given to the exhibition by the last works of the most eminent of landscape painters on China—the late Dominie Grenet. His follower, Mr. F. Gautier, is also represented, as well as M. Léonce and other clever foreign artists. Some charming landscapes and figures by Miss Linnie Watt, though "not in competition," pleasantly keep her reputation alive as a painter on China. We do not quite understand why Miss J. Carle's "Lilac and Rose" (234) did not receive any prize or commendation from the judges, nor why Miss Alice Brady calls her very pretty semi-conventional design (186) "Acacia."

OBITUARY.

JAMES STEPHENSON.

WE regret to have to record the death of Mr. James Stephenson, the well-known line and mezzotint engraver. He was born in Manchester, November 23, 1808, and served his apprenticeship to a commercial engraver named Fothergill; but after the expiration of his indentures he came, in 1830, to London, and entered the studio of William Finden, whom he assisted in many of his works, especially the beautiful vignettes after Stothard and Turner for Rogers's *Poems*. About this time he gained the silver medal of the Society of Arts for an original figure-subject engraved in line, and soon afterwards he produced the "Haunts of the Sea-Fowl," after William Collins, for the *Literary Souvenir* of 1835; a view of "Burlington Quay," after George Balmer, for Finden's *Ports and Harbours of the English Coast*; and "Solomon's Pools," after Turner, for Finden's *Landscape Illustrations of the Bible*. In 1838 the decline of the annuals and other illustrated publications induced him to return to Manchester, where he resumed engraving for manufacturers, but executed likewise some landscapes and portraits, among which were a private plate of the first Earl of Ellesmere, and two others of Dr. John Dalton, the famous chemist, the latter being from drawings taken by himself. He also designed and engraved some cartoons for the Anti-Corn-Law League which met with great success, and he assisted in the foundation of the Manchester School of Design. In 1849 he left Manchester and settled in London, engraving for some time chiefly book-plates, among which were ten vignettes after McIan, Elmore, Egg, Horsley, Frank Stone, Thomas Faed, and Sir George Harvey, for the Library Edition of the *Waverley Novels*. These were followed, in 1853 and 1857, by three subjects from *Tam O'Shanter* and two from *The Soldier's Return*, all after John Faed, for the editions of those poems issued by the National Association for the Promotion of the Fine Arts in Scotland. In 1859 he sent to the Royal Academy, where he exhibited at intervals from 1856 to 1884, "The Entanglement," after T. H. Maguire, and, in 1861, his first plate in mezzotint, "My ain Fireside," after Thomas Faed. In 1862 he completed in line the fine head of Tennyson, after G. F. Watts; but after this date his most important works were in the more popular style of mezzotint. They comprise full-length portraits of the late "Earl of Derby," after Sir Franci. Grant, and of the "Prince of Wales" in academical costume, after Sir John Watson Gordon; "The Baptism of Christ," after Robert Dowling; "The Great Day of His Wrath," "The Last Judgment," and "The Plains of Heaven," after John Martin; "Ophelia," after Sir John Everett Millais; and "The Taming of the Shrew," "Her Majesty at Osborne," and "The Highland Whiskey Still," after Sir Edwin Landseer. Besides these, Mr. Stephenson engraved during his later years several smaller

plates in line, some of which were published in the *Art Journal*. They include "The Dutch Girl," after G. S. Newton; "Rosalind and Touchstone" and "Macbeth and the Witches," after Sir Noel Paton; "The Ballad Singer," after Macclise; "Kept In," after Erskine Nicol; "The Wayfarers," after Thomas Graham; "Edward II. and Piers Gaveston," after Marcus Stone; "The Challenge," after W. Q. Orchardson; and "The Favourites of the Emperor Honorius," after J. W. Waterhouse, as well as "The Sea Fight," after Gustave Doré, for Tennyson's *Vivien*, and two plates for the illustrated edition of Her Majesty's *Leaves from the Journal of our Life in the Highlands*. He also completed the engraving of Gainsborough's portrait of the "Hon. Frances Duncombe" (afterwards Mrs. Bowater), which was left unfinished by the late Robert Graves. Among his pupils were Mr. Thomas Oldham Barlow, the engraver, and Mr. William Morton, of Manchester, now a water-colour painter.

Mr. Stephenson died suddenly at his residence in Dartmouth Park Road, Highgate Road, on May 28, in the seventy-eighth year of his age, and was interred in Highgate cemetery. His private life was marked by a sturdy independence of character, great sense of humour, and a never-failing cheerfulness of disposition, which kept around him a wide-spread circle of friends.

R. E. GRAVES.

CORRESPONDENCE.

"ESSAYS ON THE ART OF PHEIDIAS."

Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge: June 8, 1886.

In a letter to the *Nation* of New York (April 29) M. Salomon Reinach accused me of not having done full justice to the position held by the authorities of the Louvre Museum with regard to my discovery in 1881-82 of a head belonging to a metope of the Parthenon, in that I did not notice in my book on Pheidias the remarks made by M. de Villefosse before the Société des Antiquaires de Paris in connexion with my first publication of the discovery in 1882. I have sent a full answer to M. Reinach's letter to the *Nation*, showing that, from the day of the discovery to within the last few weeks, no indication, whether by word or deed, was given as to the identification of the head beyond what I published in my article and book. Since then M. Reinach has repeated his remarks in France; and I, therefore, beg you to print M. de Villefosse's letter on the subject, which he has authorised me to publish.

There is one point, however, which I should like to repeat, because I think it of general importance. It is my protest against M. Reinach's view that such discoveries as I have had the good fortune to make imply a corresponding ignorance on the part of the directors of a museum. This view endangers the progress of research. As a director of a museum myself, I should deem it a great misfortune if I should be forced to believe that every discovery made by investigators in the museum of which I have charge would so far prove my own deficiency in acuteness. Libraries and museums and their treasures might then become less accessible to researchers if they were presided over by custodians inclined to be less liberal-minded than the authorities of the Louvre have proved themselves to be in their dealings with me. Surely men like M. de Villefosse and M. Heuzey have given sufficient proof of their sound scholarship without being endangered in their reputation by not anticipating all that may be discovered concerning the many thousands of objects in their care.

CHAS. WALDSTEIN.

Cher Monsieur et Très-honoré Collègue,—

"Je suis absolument étranger à l'article publié dans le journal *The Nation* de New York; je n'en

ai connu l'existence que par votre lettre du 27 Mai, 1886. Je ne vous ai pas envoyé le *Bulletin des Antiquaires*, c'est une faute ou plutôt un oubli, que je répare aujourd'hui; je suppose que notre ami commun S. S. Lewis qui le reçoit à Cambridge vous aura mis au courant de ma communication.

"Croyez bien que je n'ai jamais songé à vous reprocher d'avoir ignoré ma note dont la portée était toute locale; elle s'adressait à ceux qui, en 1882, accusaient le Louvre, connaissant parfaitement la mention insérée dans le *Journal Officiel* du 22 Juillet, 1881. Vous avez bien raison de supposer que je n'ai pas voulu soulever une stérile question de priorité. Vous savez que le Département des Antiquaires était constamment et injustement attaqué au moment où j'ai fait ma communication aux Antiquaires de France. J'ai tenu à constater que la perspicuité des conservateurs du Louvre n'avait pas été en défaut; c'était mon droit et mon devoir. Je le faisais avec autant plus de liberté, que je n'étais pas personnellement en cause, puisque l'acquisition avait été faite avant mon entrée dans le comité consultatif des Musées Nationaux. J'ai raconté les faits avec la plus rigoureuse exactitude, et je me permets de joindre à ma lettre les épreuves d'un article qui vient de paraître et dont j'aurai le plaisir de vous adresser le tirage à part prochainement. Vous verrez que je rends pleine justice à vos intentions et que je constate votre découverte dans des termes qui ne peuvent laisser aucun doute sur ma pensée.

"En ce qui concerne l'exposition de la tête de Lapithé dans une vitrine éloignée de la salle où sont les autres morceaux du Parthénon, vous devez vous rappeler que les marbres réunis dans cette vitrine étaient accompagnés d'une étiquette portant ces mots: *exposition provisoire*. Une partie de ces marbres provenait d'acquisitions récentes et avait été pour ce motif exposée, selon l'usage, dans cette vitrine. On ne pouvait donc les considérer comme des objets définitivement classés.

"Je n'ai pas besoin de vous redire les sentiments d'estime que j'ai pour vous; vous les connaissez de longue date. Je regrette cette discussion à laquelle je suis mêlé à mon insu, et je vous prie d'agréer la vive expression de mes sentiments les plus cordiaux et les plus affectueux.

"(Signed) ANT. HÉRON DE VILLEFOSSE."

DISCOVERIES OF ROMAN REMAINS AT CHESTER.

242, West Derby Road, Liverpool: June 13, 1886.

On June 10 there were found in excavating for the foundations of a new gas-holder tank, at a spot on the Roodeye at Chester some fifty yards distant from the River Dee, a variety of Roman antiquities. From the surface of the Roodeye, to a depth of twenty feet, the material removed was principally river silt, below which was river gravel; and in this were found logs of wood, oak piles, two human skulls, fragments of "Samian" and Upchurch ware, a layer of concrete, several coins, among which were those of Vespasian and Titus, and a pig of lead.

The latter is generally in good condition, and it bears an inscription in five letters. It is 24 inches in length at the base, and on the inscribed surface 20 inches; it is 4½ inches in thickness, and weighs 192 lbs. The inscription upon it is

IMP. VESP. AVG. V. T. IMP. III. ..

There is room at the close for about two letters, obscured by the adherence of a small lump; and I think that cos has been there, as in other examples, for the date is evidently A.D. 74, when Vespasian was consul for the fifth time, and Titus for the third. On the side it bears, like previous examples found, the letters

DE . CEANGI

an abbreviation of "De Ceangis," proving that the lead was obtained from the territories of the Ceangi, or Cangi, who inhabited portions of Flintshire, Denbighshire, and Carnarvonshire. As the work is not yet finished, it is probable other discoveries will be made. At Black Friars in the same city, on June 12, a roadway formed of concrete was met with in sewerage.

W. THOMPSON WATKIN.

NOTES ON ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

THE first instalment of the work on *English Art in the Public Galleries of London*, on which Mr. T. Humphry Ward has been engaged for some time past, is now announced for publication by MM. Boussod, Valadon & Co. early in the autumn of this year. It will consist of about 120 representative pictures of the English school, from Hogarth downwards, selected from the National Gallery, the South Kensington Museum, and the National Portrait Gallery, reproduced by the Goupil process of photogravure. Half the illustrations will be full-page plates; the others will be printed in the text. The selection will be made by Mr. Ward, who will also write the greater part of the letterpress. But certain of the artists will be treated specially. For example, Mr. Austin Dobson will write on Hogarth; Mr. W. B. Richmond on Gainsborough; Mr. G. H. Boughton on Morland; Mr. Alfred W. Hunt on Turner; Mr. Woolner on Mulready; and Mr. Walter Armstrong on some of the landscape painters. The mode of publication will be in fifteen parts, to follow one another at short intervals, each containing about eight illustrations, with twelve pages of letterpress. The price for the edition of 1,000 copies, printed on Dutch paper, will be £15.

THE annual meeting of the Hellenic Society, for the election of officers and council, and the adoption of the council's report, will take place at 22, Albemarle Street, on Thursday next, June 24, at 5 p.m.

ON Tuesday next, June 22, and the two following days, Messrs. Sotheby will sell the library and other effects of the late Dr. James Ferguson, at his house in Langham Place. The books include a large number of valuable works on architecture and the allied arts, as well as unique collections of photographs and drawings from India. There are also several specimens of Oriental carving, Oriental arms, and Greek vases.

THE annual exhibition of work done in the classes of the Home Arts and Industries Association—including wood carving, *repoussé* and metal work, embossed leather, mosaic, inlaying, chalk carving, pottery, embroidery, handspun linen, handspun cloth, &c.—will be held in the parish room of St. Andrew's, Bethnal Green, on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday of next week.

A COMPETITION has been organised for designs for a new front for the cathedral at Milan; and prizes are offered of £1,600 for the best design, and smaller prizes, varying from £200 to £80, for the other selected designs. No restrictions are placed upon the competitions as regards style, and they are to be at liberty to make any alterations they may think proper in the size and position of the openings in the front of the cathedral. The designs are to be sent in between April 1 and 15, 1887, to the Palazzo Brera at Milan. The drawings will be adjudicated upon by a commission of fifteen members, eight of whom will be architects, five being Italian, one a German, one a Frenchman, and one an Englishman. The author of the design finally selected will be required to furnish the drawings for, and to superintend the execution of, a model of his design to a scale of five centimètres to a mètre, or about one quarter of an inch to a foot. This model will be executed by, and at the expense of, the governing body of the cathedral. Particulars may be obtained of the secretary to the Building Committee, at the Palazzo Brera, Milan.

A PORTRAIT of a Greenwich Pensioner, by Raeburn, was bought by the Louvre at the recent sale of the "Collection Laurent-Richard," in Paris, for 2,400 francs.

M. DELAFONTAINE, whose facsimile reproduction of a Roman *parazonium* or poignard was noticed in the ACADEMY of March 27, has now made a similar reproduction of a Gaulish dagger, which was found in a tomb in Noricum, and is now preserved in the Vienna Museum. It dates back at least to the third century B.C., the heroic period of Gaulish predominance in Southern Europe. It presents a combination of oriental ornament with rude figures of snakes and human beings. M. Alexandre Bertrand exhibited an example of the facsimile at a recent meeting of the Académie des Inscriptions, and M. Delafontaine has himself given an example to the Museum of Saint Germain.

THE medal annually presented to a member of the French Schools at Athens and Rome has been awarded, on the recommendation of the Académie des Inscriptions, to M. Holleaux, who has been conducting excavations on the site of the ancient Acræphæia, in Boeotia.

A VERY interesting discovery was recently made in the neighbourhood of Ravenna. Some peasants came upon the tomb of a Lombard bishop, buried in his robes, with various sacred objects by his side. Among these, was a MS. richly bound; but, unfortunately, the finders made away with all but the binding. This, however, is extremely curious, being profusely ornamented with mystic objects. On one side is a ship, containing Christ and St. Peter, who are beckoning to three sheep, swimming round them in the water. On the other side is a ship, borne on the back of a fish; two persons on board are holding an anchor plunged in the sea, upon the flukes of which are two more sheep. There was also found a sacred vessel, in the form of a lamb, with a cross in front, standing upon a pedestal upon which are fixed two cups.

A YET more curious discovery is reported from Bari, which seems to require confirmation. In the course of some repairs to the cathedral, which dates from the tenth century, there were found in a hole in one of the pillars, several hundred Byzantine diplomas, written in silver letters on blue parchment. In this case, the ecclesiastical authority is said to have taken possession of the find.

THE STAGE.

"MEHALAH" AT THE THEATRE.

THE initial performance of the play founded on Mr. Baring Gould's weird story of "Mehalah," yesterday week, at the Gaiety, though it was not altogether satisfactory, was in several ways interesting. To begin with, with whatever defects and disadvantages, the play by Messrs. Poel and Palmer succeeded in putting before us, at all events, the main theme of an impressive and sombre book. And then, by its deficiencies, quite as much as by its merits, it brought again into consideration that question of the advisability of dramatising novels, which it is never unfruitful for a student of the stage to think about or discuss. To reverse the usual process of enquiry and to state a conclusion before detailing the facts on which it is based, we shall say that the more the conditions of the stage become known to us, the more strongly is our verdict pronounced against the dramatised novel. Yet the selection of a subject already handled by an artist in fiction, has, of course, some obvious advantages for the dramatist. To begin with—and this is an advantage very seductive at first sight, though it will not carry very far—there is the benefit of the immense gratuitous advertisement; the boon of dealing with a

title already famous. That evokes for the play at once a curiosity to see it which in any other case could only follow upon the critic's declaration of its accepted merits, or be the consequence of its including in its cast some very popular actor, whom it is for many a social duty to behold in every part he performs. But we are certain that if it were not for this advantage of immediate curiosity—this reaping where he has not sown, and gathering up where he has not laid down—the dramatist would much seldom attempt to dramatise the popular novel; or he would, at the least, content himself with taking from the novel only so much as, if he were a real observer, he might take just as easily from the circumstances of life—some motive, some combination of character, some curious play of one potent nature upon a nature that is sensitive—the germ of the thing, in fact, and nothing beyond it: the material, not the work of art. For, aiming to get much more than the rough material, seeking to transfer the created work, the dramatist continually deceives himself as to the applicability of the thing that he has borrowed. Often he takes not only that which would have been useful, but also that which, on the stage, must prove to be an encumbrance. Often, unless he has the rare instinct of the high dramatist, instead of the mechanism of the playwright, he fails to see that the very quality which made the success of the novel is one which cannot be carried on to the boards at all. Perhaps it was some really psychological problem, the solution of which is as impracticable at the theatre as is the discussion of some grave social question; perhaps it was the imaginative and powerful presentation of landscape and its effects—its various life, so to speak—and, if it was either of these things, the story was dramatised, we may be sure, to no effect. There was the advantage of the advertisement to begin with, and there remained no other advantage to the end.

Now "Mehalah" comes, it may be, midway between those stories which can contribute all to the dramatist and those stories which can contribute practically nothing. "Mehalah" is a story not entirely of psychological analysis, not entirely of pictorial charm. It contains both these things, and with them, it must be said, as great a measure of improbability as the intelligent reader can fairly be invited to put up with; but it contains also a good share of rapid and telling action which it is by no means impossible to transfer to the theatre. Still, essentially, it is a story of the conflict between two powerful wills, and in so far as that conflict can proceed without outward action it is unsuited to the purposes of the stage. Again, the story remains on the stage what most certainly it would have been felt to be in the book, had it not been relieved in the book by the subtle treatment of scenery and rural effect—it remains somewhat monotonous. We are by no means sure, however, that with two or three changes and two or three excisions it may not be made acceptable. Many of its scenes hold the attention—the main theme is interesting, if it is likewise for these days rather savage; and there is one good comic, and one good semi-comic character—we mean, of course, Charles Pettican and the sage farming man and facetotum of the Sharlands, Abraham Dowsing.

Altogether the play would gain by compression. Mr. Pettican's comic scene is itself a little too long. And the catastrophe has certainly to be altered. It is quite true that Messrs. Poel and Palmer cannot arrange for an end like that of the novel. Gloriana cannot be taken out to sea by her savage lover, to die with him there, since she will not love him and live. But while her end can be what it is now, his must be simpler. In that last tragic scene the means of destruction are too numerous; there are too many weapons about. Allowing us the dagger, and throwing in the gun, we can dispense, I should think, with the thunderbolt and the lightning stroke, even though that stroke not only writes "finis" to the life of the man whose end was near already, but likewise rends in two his ancestral hearth, and falsifies for ever its too proud inscription, "What I hold, I hold fast." Let the lightning stroke be spared, the curtain fall more promptly, and Elijah Rebow have less occasion to be apologetic as to the dilatoriness of his departure.

Mr. Vezin made a very picturesque figure of the self-willed lover—pursuer rather—of the handsome poor girl. He made us believe in the man, in his unbridled savagery and thoughtless cruelty. It is not Mr. Vezin's fault that the transition to tenderness is too abrupt to seem veracious; nor is it precisely Messrs. Poel and Palmer's fault—it is the consequence of not being able to explain in a drama what it may be easy enough to explain in a book. Miss Mary Rorke acted with decision and energy, spoke good English as one who liked it, and looked an ideal Gloriana—a figure dark and potent, flexible and engaging—a figure we associate henceforth with the character in the novel as firmly as we associate Hablot Browne's Captain Cuttle or Little Em'ly with the Captain Cuttle or Little Em'ly of Dickens. The true comic part was played only a little too violently—but really very funny—by Mr. E. M. Robson, and the rural retainer was made by Mr. Stephenson delightfully unstagey. This was, indeed, as true and careful a bit of what is called "character" acting as has lately been seen.

FREDERICK WEDMORE.

MUSIC.

RECENT CONCERTS.

THROUGH want of space we have not been able to notice Mr. C. Hallé's recitals at Prince's Hall for the last two weeks. With regard to the performances themselves, there is, of course, very little to say. The names of the executants, Mdme. Norman Néruda, Messrs. Ries, Straus, Piatti, Howell, and last, but not least, Mr. Hallé himself, are a sufficient guarantee that the music is interpreted with all due reverence, rectitude, and refinement. Since June 5 not only have well-known works such as Brahms's Piano and Violin Sonata in G, Beethoven's Sonata for piano and violoncello (Op. 69), and Schumann's Fantasia (Op. 17) been heard, but the programmes have, on each occasion, included novelties. We should not describe any of the works recently produced by Mr. Hallé as epoch-making; but are nevertheless thankful to him for letting us know what foreign composers of the present day are achieving in the department of chamber music. The Trio-Phantasien for piano, violin, and violoncello (Op. 83, Bk. 1), by Hans Huber, played on

June 5, are light and elegant. As the various numbers of the book are not connected, one or two of the numbers might be selected for performance at concerts, when there would not be that feeling of monotony produced by listening to the whole set. On June 12 a Quintett for piano and strings, by Karl Nawratil, was introduced. We know nothing about the composer. His name is not to be found in any of the musical dictionaries we have been able to consult. The music is clever and clear, but by no means original; all the movements, too, with the exception, perhaps, of the *andante*, suffer from undue length. The programme concluded with Goetz's Pianoforte Quartett in E—a work which has only been given once at the popular concerts.

Herr Rubinstein gave an eighth, and farewell, recital last Friday week at St. James's Hall. He commenced with a transcription of Beethoven's "Egmont" overture. The playing was simply marvellous, and enabled us for the time to forget the injustice done to the composer's fine score; for a pianist, however great, cannot reproduce the colour of the orchestral instruments. Herr Rubinstein gave an exceedingly fine interpretation of the Waldstein sonata. He was, indeed, in one of his happiest moods. It is not necessary to recount in detail how he played one and another of the pieces by Couperin, Handel, Mozart, Schumann, and Chopin, with which during the last three weeks he has charmed his hearers. In the Chopin Polonaise in A, and in his own Valse Caprice, he surpassed the bounds of moderation; but, for the rest, it was, in all respects, admirable. As the vast audience left the hall at the close, many must have wondered how long it would be before they enjoyed a similar treat again. We have been informed that before leaving London, Herr Rubinstein left with Mr. Nye Vert a large sum of money to be devoted to various charities.

For Mr. Hermann Franke's benefit a Wagner Operatic Concert was given at the Albert Hall last Wednesday afternoon. The Richter orchestra, increased to one hundred and fifty performers, was under the direction of its famous conductor. The programme included vocal and instrumental selections from all Wagner's operas and music-dramas, from "Rienzi" to "Parsifal." The pieces were arranged in chronological order, so that one could conveniently trace the master's progress from the time when he wrote "Rienzi" under the influence of Spontini and Meyerbeer, down to that of his latest production—a period of no less than forty years. Mdme. Valleria gave an effective rendering of Senta's ballad, and Fräulein Pauline Cramer received much applause for her dramatic delivery of the first scene of act ii. of "Tannhäuser." Mr. G. Henschel was most successful in Wotan's "Abschied." An apology was made for Mr. E. Lloyd, who was unable to appear. All the instrumental movements were admirably played. There were the overtures from "Rienzi," "Tannhäuser," "Meistersinger," the introductions to "Lohengrin," "Tristan," and "Parsifal"; and besides the closing scene of "Tristan" the "Walkürenritt"; and the Funeral March from the "Ring des Nibelungen."

M. Dmitri Slaviansky d'Agrenoff's Russian choir gave their first concert last Wednesday evening at St. James's Hall. They came, sang, and conquered. As a sight, it is well worth seeing, for the members of the choir and the conductor are dressed in splendid historical costumes of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Dmitri Slaviansky, in his costume, reminds one of Hans Sachs in "Die Meistersinger." The grouping of the choir is picturesque, and the entries and exits are effectively managed. The conductor stands in front of his choir. He sings a strophe, which is afterwards answered by

another from the choir, or the same one is repeated in harmony. A harmonium plays the accompaniments to the solo parts, but has little to do in the choruses. It is impossible to describe the quaint music, the rich full tones of the voices—the clear and penetrating sopranos, and the wonderful bass voices, reaching down to contra B, the lowest note of the bassoon. Sometimes these low notes were just touched, like the strings of a double-bass, sometimes sustained, giving the effect of an organ pedal—as in the first of the sacred songs. The programme was divided into three parts: the first comprised Russian historical songs; the second, Russian sacred songs; the third, Russian popular songs. The pieces were sung in such a refined and characteristic manner, and so well arranged with regard to contrast, that one did not get at all tired of the performance. Some words forced out in a peculiar manner by the male voices in one or two of the songs made us regret that we could not understand the meaning of the words. We cannot now enter into detail about the songs. Let it suffice to say that many were encored, as, for example, the quick and quaint little dialogue song in the first part, "The Glory of Sion" in the second, and the very characteristic song in the third entitled "Ei Oohnem," concluding with a wonderful *diminuendo*. M. Slavianski has a pleasing tenor voice. The only help he gives to his choir consists in slight movements of the right hand, signs evidently well understood. The ensemble is perfect. The attendance was not very large, but, as we have already shown, most enthusiastic. A second concert was announced for yesterday evening.

J. S. SHEDLOCK.

MUSIC NOTES.

We hear that Franz Liszt is at present occupied in writing a transcription for the pianoforte of some of the principal themes in Mr. Mackenzie's new opera "The Troubadour."

At the meeting of the London branch of the United Richard Wagner Society on Thursday, June 17, Mr. J. S. Shedlock read a paper on "The music of 'Der Ring des Nibelungen,'" assisted by Miss Clara Leighton.

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